

MISCELLANIES.

By the late R. DODSLEY.

V O L. II.

MUSEUM



By the Hon. R. D. D. D.

VOL. II.



ROBERT DODD

ROBERT DODSLEY.

CLEONE.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

The FIFTH EDITION.



Præcipue lugubres
Cantus MELPOMENE.

HOM.

OF THE

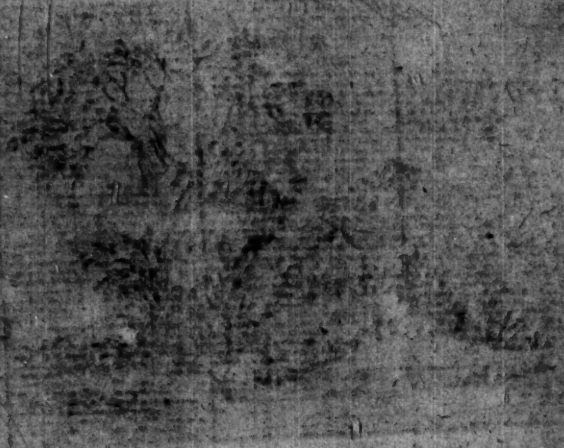
TRADE

THE



GOVERNMENT

OF THE



BY





Act 6. Scene the Last.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
Philip Dormer Stanhope,
EARL OF
CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,
ENCOURAG'D by the favourable opinion of many among the most ingenious of my friends, but particularly animated by your LORDSHIP's Approbation, I ventur'd to bring this Play on the Stage, even after it had been *refused* where I first intended it should appear. As the reception it met with from the Public hath amply justify'd your LORDSHIP's sentiments concerning it, permit me to take this opportunity of presenting it to You, as an unfeigned testimony

DEDICATION.

of the respect I bear for your LORDSHIP's distinguish'd Merit, and as a grateful, tho' unequal return, for the many favours, which it is my pride to own, I have receiv'd from your hands. For I do not mean, my LORD, in this address to offend your delicacy by a needless panegyric upon YOUR Character, which will be deliver'd down with admiration to latest posterity, but to do the highest honour to my *own*, by thus publishing to the world, that I have not been thought unworthy the favour and patronage of the EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

I am,

My LORD,

With great Respect,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Most obliged and

Obedient humble Servant,

R. DODSLEY.



P R E F A C E

To the Third Edition.

AN imperfect hint towards the Fable of the following Tragedy, was taken from the Legend of St. Genevieve written originally in French, and translated into English about an hundred years ago by Sir William Lower. The first sketch of it, consisting then of Three Acts only, was shewn to Mr. Pope two or three years before his death, who inform'd me that in his very early youth, he had attempted a Tragedy on the same subject, which he afterwards destroy'd; and he advised me to extend my plan to Five Acts:

It lay by me, however, for some years, before I pursu'd it; discourag'd by the apprehension of failing in the attempt: but happening at last to discover a method of altering and extending it, I resum'd the design; and as leisure from my other avocations permitted, have brought it to its present state.

I cannot omit this opportunity of repeating my acknowledgements to the Public for the continuance of their candid reception to these imperfect

P R E F A C E.

scenes. The Performers also are entituled to my thanks, for their diligent application to their respective parts, and for their just and forcible manner of representing them.

I have endeavour'd in this third * edition to avail myself of every material objection that hath come to my knowledge, as far as I could do so without totally altering the fable; not indeed with the vain hope of producing at last a faultless piece, but in order to render it in some degree less unworthy of that indulgence with which it has been honour'd. I have only to add, that if it should be acted another season, I could wish it might be studied from the present copy, as I hope it is not only more correct, but somewhat improved.

* Printed in 1759.

PROLOGUE,

By WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. Ross.

TWAS once the mode inglorious war to wage
With each bold bard that durst attempt the Stage,
And Prologues were but preludes to engage. }

Then mourn'd the Muse not story'd woes alone,
Condemn'd to weep, with tears unfeign'd, her own,
Past are those hostile days: and Wits no more
One undistinguish'd fate with Fools deplore.
No more the Muse laments her long-felt wrongs,
From the rude licence of tumultuous tongues:
In peace each Bard prefers his doubtful claim,
And as he merits, meets, or misses, Fame.
'Twas thus in Greece (when Greece fair Science blest,
And Heav'n-born Arts their chosen Land possess)
Th' assembled People sat with decent pride,
Patient to hear, and skilful to decide;
Less forward far to censure than to praise,
Unwillingly refus'd the rival Bays.
Yes; they whom Candor and true Taste inspire
Blame not with half the Passion they admire;
Each little Blemish with regret desery,
But mark the Beauties with a raptur'd eye.
Yet modest fears invade our Author's breast,
With Attic lore, or Latian, all unblest;
Deny'd by Fate thro' Classic fields to stray,
Where bloom those wreaths which never know decay;
Where Arts new force from kindred Arts acquire,
And Poets catch from Poets genial fire.
Not thus he boasts the breast humane to prove,
And touch those springs which generous passions move,
To melt the soul by scenes of fabled woe,
And bid the tear for fancy'd sorrows flow;
Far humbler paths he treads in quest of Fame,
And trusts to Nature what from Nature came.

PERSONS

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

M E N.

SIFROY, a General Officer,	Mr. ROSS.
BEAUFORT <i>Senior</i> , Father of CLEONE,	Mr. RIDOUT,
BEAUFORT <i>Junior</i> , her Brother,	Mr. DYER.
PAULET, the Friend of SIFROY,	Mr. CLARKE.
GLANVILLE, a near Relation,	Mr. SPARKS.
RAGOZIN, a Servant corrupted by GLANVILLE,	Mr. ANDERSON.

W O M E N.

CLEONE, the Wife of SIFROY,	Mrs. BELLAMY,
ISABELLA, her Companion,	Mrs. ELMY.
A CHILD about five Years old,	

OFFICERS of JUSTICE, SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, SIFROY's House, and an adjoining Wood.

TIME, that of the Action.

20 AU 66



CLEONE.

TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room in Sifroy's House.*

GLANVILLE, ISABELLA.

GLANVILLE.

WHAT means this diffidence, this idle fear ?
Have I not given thee proof my heart is thine ?
Proof that I mean to sanctify our joys
By sacred wedlock ? Why then doubt my truth ?
Why hesitate, why tremble thus to join
In deeds, which justice and my love to thee
Alone inspire ? If we are one, our hopes,
Our views, our interests ought to be the same.
And canst thou tamely see this proud Sifroy
Triumphant lord it o'er my baffled rights ?

C L E O N E.

Those late acquir'd demesnes, by partial hand
Consign'd to him, in equity are mine.

ISABELLA.

The story oft I've heard : yet sure Sifroy
Hath every legal title to that wealth
By will bequeath'd : and childless should he die,
The whole were thine. Wait then till time---

GLANVILLE.

Art thou,

My Isabella, thou an advocate
For him whose hand, with felon-arts, with-holds
Those treasures which I covet but for thee ?
Where is thy plighted faith ?---thy vows ?---thy truth ?

ISABELLA.

Forbear reproach ! O Glanville, love to thee
Hath robb'd me of my truth---seduc'd me on
From step to step, till virtue quite forsook me.
False if I am, 'tis to myself, not thee ;
Thou hast my heart, and thou shalt guide my will,
Obedient to thy wishes.

GLANVILLE.

Hear me then---

This curst Sifroy stands in my fortune's way ;
I must remove him.---Well I know his weakness---
His fiery temper favours my design,
And aids the plot that works his own undoing.
Yet whilst far off remov'd, he leads our troops,
The nation's doughty chief, he stands secure,
Beyond the reach of my avenging hand.
But this will force him home---I have convey'd,
By Ragozin his servant, whom I sent
On other business, letters which disclose
His wife's amour with Paulet.

ISA-

ISABELLA. Ah! tho' me

Thou hast convinc'd, and I believe her false,
Think'st thou Sifroy will credit the report?
Will not remembrance of her seeming truth,
Her artful modesty, and acted fondness,
Secure the easy confidence of love?

GLANVILLE.

I know it ought not. Weak must be the man
Who builds his hopes on such deceitful ground,
Paulet is young, not destitute of passion;
Her husband absent, they are oft together:
Then she hath charms to warm the coldest breast,
Melt the most rigid virtue into love,
And tempt the firmest friendship to be frail.
All this I've urg'd, join'd with such circumstance,
Such strong presumptive proof, as cannot fail
To shake the firm foundations of his trust.
This once accomplish'd, his own violence
And heated rage, will urge him to commit
Some desperate act, and plunge him into ruin.

ISABELLA.

But grant thou should'st succeed, what will ensue?
Suppose him dead, doth he not leave an heir,
An infant son, that will prevent thy claim?

GLANVILLE.

That bar were easily remov'd.---But soft,
Who's here? 'Tis Ragozin return'd.

[Enter Ragozin.]

SCENE II.

GLANVILLE, ISABELLA, RAGOZIN.

GLANVILLE.

What news,

Dear Ragozin? How did Sifroy receive
My

My letters ? Speak---My vast impatience would
Know all at once,---What does his rage intend ?

RAGOZIN.

All you could wish. A whirlwind is but weak
To the wild storm that agitates his breast.
At first indeed he doubted---swore 'twas false---
Impossible---But as he read, his looks
Grew fierce ; pale horror trembled on his cheek ;
And with a faltering voice at length he cry'd,
O she is vile !---It must, it must be so---
Glanville is just, is good, and scorns to wrong her---
I know his friendship, know his honest heart---
Then falling, sobb'd in speechless agony.

GLANVILLE.

Good, very good !---I knew 'twould gall---proceed.

RAGOZIN.

His smother'd grief at length burst forth in rage.
He started from the floor---he drew his sword---
And fixing it with violence in my grasp---
Plunge this, he cry'd, O plunge it in the heart
Of that vile traitor, Paulet !---Yet forbear---
That exquisite revenge my own right hand
Demands, nor will I give it to another !
This said---push'd on by rage, he to her fire
Dispatch'd a letter, opening to him all
Her crime, and his dishonour, This to you.

[Gives a letter.]

GLANVILLE.

How eagerly he runs into the toils,
Which I have planted for his own destruction !
Dear Ragozin, success shall double all
My promises ; and now we are embark'd,
We must proceed, whatever storms arise.

ISABELLA.

But read the letter.

[Glanville opens the letter and reads.

Tho' thou hast stabb'd me to the heart, I cannot but thank thy goodness for the tender regard thou hast shewn to my honour. The traitor Paulet shall die by my own hand: that righteous vengeance must be mine. Mean time, forbid the villain's entrance to my house. As to her who was once my wife, let her go to her father's, to whom I have written; leaving it to him to vindicate her virtue, or conceal her shame. I am in too much confusion to add more.

SIFROY.

GLANVILLE.

This is enough---by heaven! I fought no more.

It is the point at which my wishes aim'd.

The death of Paulet must include his own;

Justice will take that life my injuries seek,

Nor shall Suspicion cast one glance on me.

But does he purpose soon to leave the army,

Or let his vengeance sleep?

RAGOZIN.

All wild he raves,

That honour should forbid to quit his charge.

Yet what resolves the tumult in his breast

May urge, is hard to say.

GLANVILLE.

We must prepare

For his arrival; well I know his rage

Will burst all bounds of prudence. Thou, my friend,

(For from the hour which shall complicate our business,

Thy servitude shall cease) be diligent

To watch all accidents, and well improve

Whatever chance may rise.

RAGO-

RAGOZIN. I

Trust to my care. *[Exit.]*

GLANVILLE.

Now, Isabella ! now th' important hour
To prove my truth, arises to my wish.
No longer shalt thou live the humble friend
Of this Cleone, but her equal born,
Shalt rise by me to grace an equal sphere.

ISABELLA.

Her equal born I am---nor can my heart
A keener pang than base dependence feel.
Yet weak by nature, and in fear for thee,
I tremble for th'event,---O should'st thou fail---

GLANVILLE.

To me, my Isabella, trust the proof
Of her conceal'd amour. I know full well
Her modesty is mere disguise, assum'd
To cheat the world ; but it deceives not me,
I shall unveil her latent wickedness,
And on her midnight revels pour the day.

ISABELLA.

Scarce can my heart give credit---

GLANVILLE.

Thou, alas,

Art blinded by the semblance she displays
Of truth and innocence ; but I explore
Her inmost soul, and in her secret thoughts
Read wantonness. Believe me, this gay youth,
Mask'd in the guise of friendship to Sifroy,
Is her vile paramour. But I forget ;
Tell Ragozin, my love, to wait without ;
This business asks dispatch, and I may want
His useful aid.

ISABELLA.

ISABELLA.
I go; but still my heart
Beats anxious, lest the truth of thy suspicions
Should fail of proof. [Exit Isabella.]

GLANVILLE.
Fear nothing, I'm secure.
Fond, easy fool! whom for my use alone,
Not pleasure, I've ensnared; thou little dream'st,
That fir'd with fair Cleone's heaven of charms,
I burn for their enjoyment. There, there too,
Did this Sifroy, this happy hated rival,
Defeat the first warm hopes that fir'd my bosom.
I mark'd her beauties rising in their bloom,
And purpos'd for myself the ripening sweetness;
But ere my hand could reach the tempting fruit,
'Twas ravish'd from its eager grasp. And Oh!
Would fate at last permit me to prevail,
Vengeance were satisfy'd. I will attend her;
And urge my suit, tho' oft repuls'd, once more.
If she's obdurate still, my slighted love
Converts to hatred: I will then exert
The power which her deluded lord hath given,
Drive her this instant hence, and in her flight,
To glut my great revenge, she too shall fall.
[Exit.]

SCENE III. *Changes to another Room.*

CLEONE and a Servant.

CLEONE.
Paulet! my husband's friend! give him admittance;
His friendship sympathizes with my love,
Cheers

Cheers me by talking of my absent lord,
And sooths my heart with hopes of his return.

[Enter Paulet.

PAULET.

Still do these louring clouds of sorrow shade
Cleone's brow, and sadden all her hours?

CLEONE.

Ah Paulet! have I not just cause to mourn?
Three tedious years have past since these sad eyes
Beheld my dear Sifroy: and the stern brow
Of horrid war still frowns upon my hopes.

PAULET.

The fate of war, 'tis true, hath long detain'd
My noble friend from your fond arms and mine:
But his redoubted sword by this last stroke
Must soon reduce the foe to sue for peace.
The gallant chief who led the barbarous host,
And was himself their soul, is fallen in battle,
Slain by the valiant hand of your Sifroy.

CLEONE.

To me, alas, his courage seems no virtue:
Dead to all joy, but what his safety gives:
To every hope, but that of his return.
I dread the danger which his valour seeks,
And tremble at his glory. O good heaven!
Restore him soon to these unhappy arms,
Or much I fear, they'll never more enfold him.

PAULET.

What means Cleone? No new danger can
Affright you for my friend. I fear your breast
Beats with the dread of some impending ill.
Threatening yourself. Now, by the love that binds
My heart to your Sifroy, let me intreat,

If

If my assistance can avail you aught,
That to the utmost hazard of my life,
You will command my service.

CLEONE.

Kind Heaven, I thank thee! My Sifroy hath yet
One faithful friend. O Paulet—but to thee,
The many virtues that adorn the mind
Of my lov'd lord, and made me once so blest;
'Twere needless to display. In mine alone
His happiness was plac'd; no grief, no care
Came ever near my bosom; not a pain
But what his tenderness partaking, sooth'd.
All day with fondness would he gaze upon me,
And to my listening heart repeat such things,
As only love like his knew how to feel.
O my Sifroy! when, wilt thou return?
Alas, thou know'st not to what bold attempts
Thy unsuspecting virtue has betray'd me!

PAULET.

What danger thus alarms Cleone's fear?

CLEONE.

I am asham'd to think, and blush to say,
That in my husband's absence this poor form,
These eyes, or any feature should retain
The power to please—but Glanville well you know—

PAULET.

Sure you suspect not him of base designs!
He wears the semblance of much worth and honour.

CLEONE.

So to the eye the speckled serpent wears
A shining beauteous form; but deep within,
Foul stings and deadly poisons lurk unseen.
O Paulet, this smooth serpent hath so crept

Into

Into the bosom of Sisroy, so wound
Himself about my love's unguarded heart,
That he believes him harmless as a dove.

PAULET.

Good Heaven, if thou abhor'st deceit, why suffer
A villain's face to wear the look of virtue?
Who would have thought his loose desires had flown
So high a pitch? Have you imparted aught
Of his attempts, to Isabella?

CLEONE.

No.

PAULET.

I had suspicion his designs were there.

CLEONE.

I've thought so too: nay have some cause to fear
That she's his wife. This hath restrain'd my tongue.

PAULET.

'Tis well if she deserve your tenderness.

But say, Cleone, let me know the means,
Which this most impious man, this trusted friend,
Hath taken to betray—

CLEONE.

I hear his voice;

And this way he directs his hated steps.

Retire into that room—he seldom fails

To hint his bold desires. Your self perhaps

May thence detect him, and by open shame

Deter him from persisting.

[Paulet goes into the room.

Glanville enters.

SCENE IV. CLEONE, GLANVILLE.

GLANVILLE.

I greet you, lady, with important news;

The

The Saracens are beaten—yet Sifroy,
 Coldly neglectful of your blooming charms,
 Pursues a remnant of the flying foe
 To strong Avignon's walls, where shelter'd safe,
 The hardy troops may bear a tedious siege.
 Why then, Cleone, should you still resist
 The soft entreaties of my warm desire?
 Methinks the man but ill deserves your truth,
 Who leaves the sweet Elysium of your arms
 To tread the dangerous fields of horrid war.

CLEONE.

And what, O Glanville, what dost thou deserve?
 Thou, who with treachery repay'st the trust
 Of sacred friendship? Thou, who but to quench
 A loose desire, a lawless passion's rage,
 Would'st banish truth and honour from thy breast?

—Glanville.

Honour!—What's honour? A vain phantom rais'd
 To fright the weak from tasting those delights,
 Which Nature's voice, that law supreme, allows.
 Be wise, and laugh at all its idle threats.
 Besides, with me your fame would be secure,
 Discretion guards my name from Censure's tongue.

CLEONE.

And dost thou call hypocrisy, discretion?
 Say'st thou that vice is wisdom? Glanville, hear me:
 With thee, thou say'st, my fame would be secure;
 Unfully'd by the world. It might. Yet know,
 Tho' hid beneath the center of the earth,
 Remov'd from Envy's eye, and Slander's tongue,
 Nay from the view of Heav'n itself conceal'd,
 Still would I shun the very thought of guilt,
 Nor wound my secret conscience with reproach.

VOL. H.

C.

GLANVILLE

GLANVILLE.

Romantic all! Come, come, why were you form'd
 So tempting fair; why grac'd with ev'ry charm,
 With eyes that languish, limbs that move with grace—
 Why were these beauties given you, but to soothe
 The sweet, the strong sensations they excite?
 Why were you made so beauteous, yet so coy?
[Offers to embrace her, she puts him by with disdain.]

CLEONE.

Base hypocrite! why rather wert thou suffer'd
 Beneath fair virtue's mien to hide a heart
 So vile? Why this, good Heaven! but dost thou think
 Thy foul devices shall be still conceal'd?
 Sifroy shall know thee; thy detested crime
 Shall stand reveal'd in all its horrid form.

GLANVILLE.

Is love a crime? O ask your feeling heart—
[Paulet bursts from the room.]

S C E N E V. CLEONE, GLANVILLE, PAULET.

PAULET.

Villain, desist!

GLANVILLE.

Ha! Paulet here!—'Tis well:
 He is her minion then! 'Tis as I guess'd;
 My letters to Sifroy traduc'd them not. *[Aside.]*

PAULET.

Vile hypocrite!—what, lurk such warm desires
 Beneath that sober mask of sanctity?
 Is this the firm undoubted honesty,
 In which Sifroy confiding, sleeps secure?

GLAN-

GLANVILLE.

And is it fit that thou should'st lecture vice?
Thou, who even here, this moment wert conceal'd,
The favorite object of lewd privacy?
Should'st thou declaim against the rich repast,
Thy gluttonous appetite alone enjoys
To all the heights of luxury?—Sweet lady!
Who now shall stand reveal'd before Sifroy?
But I have long, long known your intercourse,
Nor wanted clearer proof to speak your crimes.

[Going.

CLEONE.

O heaven and earth!

PAULET.

Stay, monster! by high Heaven,
Thy life shall answer this vile calumny.

GLANVILLE.

Dream not I fear?—thy threatnings I despise.
Soon I'll return, to thine and her confusion.

[Exit Glanville.

SCENE VI. CLEONE, PAULET,

CLEONE.

What have I done? unhappy rash concealment!
This may, alas! give color to his charge.

PAULET.

He dares not wrong you with the least surmise,
The slightest imputation on your fame!
Nor would the world believe him. Your fair deeds,
The constant tenor of your virtuous life,
Would triumph o'er th' audacious tale.

CLEONE.

Ah, Paulet!

The sting of slander strikes her venom deep.

An envious world with joy devours the tale,
That stains with infamy a spotless name.
Yet what's the vain opinion of the world!
To keep one voice, one single heart's esteem,
Is all my wish. If my Sifroy but think—

PAULET.

Wound not your peace with vain ungrounded fears:
My friend is noble, knows your virtues well;
Nor will he suffer jealousy to shake
His generous mind with doubt. And for that wretch,
This arm shall give him chastisement.

CLEONE.

Ah! no;

I fear the chastisement of Glanville's guilt
May loose the tongue of Censure on my innocence.
And can I bear, now, in my husband's absence,
The whisper'd falsehood of malicious tales,
That cast a doubt on his Cleone's truth?
O rather leave his punishment to Heaven!
At least defer it till my lord's return.

PAULET.

And shall the man I love return, and find
A villain unchastis'd, who in my sight
Presumptuous dared to wound his sacred honor!
It must not, shall not be.

[*Re-enter Glanville with Ragozin.*]

SCENE II. CLEONE, PAULET, GLANVILLE,
RAGOZIN.

GLANVILLE.

Mark me, young Sir,

'Tis with authority that I forbid
Your entrance in this house. Sifroy, convinc'd

Of all your secret crimes with that vile wanton,
Spurns from his door the falsehood he disdains.

CLEONE.

Let me not hear it! I! am I a wanton?
Does my dear lord think his Cleone vile?

GLANVILLE.

He knows it well.

PAULET.

Villain, 'tis false! He scorns

So mean a thought.

GLANVILLE.

To silence every doubt,

See his own hand.

PAULET, *showing the letter to Ragozin.*

Say, whence is this? who brought it?

RAGOZIN.

I brought it from my master.

GLANVILLE.

Look upon it.

[Cleone and Paulet look over it.]

CLEONE.

Am I then banish'd from my husband's house?
Branded with infamy!—was once his wife!
Unkind Sifroy! am I not still thy wife?
Indeed thy faithful wife! and when thou know'st,
As know thou wilt; how falsely I'm accus'd,
This cruel sentence sure will pierce thy heart.

PAULET.

Amazement strikes me dumb!—This impious scroll
Is forg'd. Sifroy, tho' rash, is noble, just,
And good. Too good, too noble to permit
So mean a thought to harbour in his breast.

CLEONE.

No: 'tis his hand—his seal. And can I bear

Suspicion ! Ah ! Sifroy, did'st thou not know
My heart incapable——

PAULET.

Licentious wretch !

At what fell mischief has thy malice aim'd ?

GLANVILLE.

At thine and her detection, which at length
I have accomplish'd.

PAULET.

Impudent and vain !

Think'st thou Cleone's virtue, her fair truth,
Can suffer taint from thy unhallow'd breath ?
Were they not proof but now against thy arts ?

GLANVILLE.

Mistaken man ! To gain one personal proof
Of her incontinence, that feign'd attempt
Was made ; all other proof I had before,
And why I fail'd thou know'st ;
Who in her private chamber close conceal'd,
Mad'st it imprudent she should then comply.

CLEONE.

Detested slanderer ! I despise thy baseness ;
Disdain reply ; and trust in Heaven's high hand
To dash thy bold designs. [Exit Cleone.

PAULET, *whispering*.

Observe me, Sir—

This insult on the honour of my friend
Must be chastis'd. At morning's earliest dawn,
In the close vale, behind the castle's wall,
Prepare to meet me arm'd.

GLANVILLE.

Be well assur'd

I will not fail.

[Exit Paulet.

Yet stay—let Prudence guide me——

Courage,

Courage, what is't?—'tis folly's boisterous rashness,
And draws its owner into hourly dangers.
I hold it safer he were met to-night. [*Aside.*]
Thou see'st, my Ragozin, we are embark'd
Upon a troubled sea: our safeties now
Depend on boldly stemming every wave,
That might o'erwhelm our hopes. Paulet must die—
He's dangerous, and not only may defeat
Our enterprize, but bring our lives in hazard.

RAGOZIN.

Shall we not frustrate thus your first design,
To make the law subservient to your aims
Against the life and fortunes of Sifroy?

GLANVILLE.

Leave that to me. Sifroy, full well I know,
Will soon arrive. Thou, when the gloom of night
Shall cast a veil upon the deeds of men,
Trace Paulet's steps, and in his bosom plunge
Thy dagger's point: thus shall thy care prevent
His future babbling; and to prove the deed
Upon Sifroy, be mine.

RAGOZIN.

He dies this night,

GLANVILLE.

Let thy first blow make sure his death,
So shall no noise detect thee. Hither strait
Convey his corpse, which secretly inter'd
Within the garden's bound, prevents discovery,
'Till I shall spring the mine of their destruction.

RAGOZIN.

He shall not live an hour.

[*Exit Ragozin.*]

GLANVILLE.

Hence, hence Remorse!

C 4

I must

I must not, will not feel thy scorpion sting.
 Yet hell is in my breast, and all its fiends
 Distract my resolutions.—I am plung'd
 In blood, and must wade thro': no safety now
 But on the farther shore. Come then; Revenge,
 Ambition come, and disappointed Love;
 Be you my dread companions: steel, O steel
 My heart with triple firmness, nerve my arm
 With tenfold strength, and guide it to achieve
 The deeds of Terror which your selves inspir'd.

End of the First ACT.



A C T. II.

S C E N E I. *A Room in Sifroy's House.*

GLANVILLE, ISABELLA.

GLANVILLE.

SURE the dark hand of death ere this hath clos'd
 The prying eyes of Paulet, and secur'd
 Our bold attempt from danger. But hast thou,
 Free from suspicion, to Cleone's hand
 Convey'd the letter, forg'd against my self,
 Pressing her instant flight, and branding me
 With black designs against her life?

ISABELLA.

I have;

Pretending 'twas received from hands unknown.
 But lurks no danger here? Will not this letter,
 Discover'd after death, thy guilt betray?

GLANVILLE.

There am I guarded too. The deed once done,
 A deep enormous cavern in the wood
 Receives her body, and for ever hides.
 But she perus'd, thou say'st, the letter—Well—
 How wrought it?—Say—this moment will she fly?
 Success in this, and all shall be our own.

ISABELLA.

Silent she paus'd—and read it o'er and o'er.
 Then lifting up her eyes—Forgive him, Heaven!

Was

Was all she said. But soon her rising fear
 Resolv'd on quick escape. Suspicion too,
 That all her servants are by thee corrupted,
 Prompts her to fly alone, save with her child,
 The young Sifroy, whom clasping to her breast,
 And bathing with a flood of tears, she means,
 Safe from thy snares, to shelter with her father.

GLANVILLE.

Just as I hop'd—Beneath the friendly gloom
 Of Baden wood, whose unfrequented shades
 They needs must pass to reach her father's house,
 I have contriv'd, and now ordain their fall.
 Kindly she plans her scheme, as tho' her self
 Were my accomplice.

ISABELLA.

As we parted, tears
 Gush'd from her eyes—she closely press'd my hand,
 And hesitating cry'd—O Isabella!
 If 'tis not now too late, beware of Glanville.
 I scarce could hold from weeping.

GLANVILLE.

Fool! root out
 That weakness, which unfits th' aspiring soul
 For great designs. But hush! who's here?

[Enter RAGOZIN.]

SCENE II.

GLANVILLE, ISABELLA, RAGOZIN.

GLANVILLE.

Is our first work atchiev'd?
 Say, quickly—

RAGOZIN.

RAGOZIN.

Succesfully.

With two bold ruffians, whose assisting hands
 Were hir'd to make the business sure, I trac'd
 His steps with care; and in the darksome path
 Which leads beside the ruin'd abby's wall,
 With furious onset suddenly attack'd him.
 Instant he drew, and in my arm oblique
 Fix'd a slight wound; but my associates soon
 Perform'd their office; and betwixt them borne,
 I left him to an hasty burial, where
 You first directed.

GLANVILLE.

We are then secure

From his detection; and may now advance
 With greater safety. O my Ragozin,
 But one step more remains, to plant our feet
 On this Sifroy's possessions; and methinks
 Kind Opportunity now points the path
 Which leads us to our wish.

RAGOZIN.

Propose the means.

GLANVILLE.

This hour Cleone with her infant boy,
 Borrowing faint courage from the moon's pale beam,
 Prepares to seek the mansion of her father.
 Thou know'st the neighbouring wood thro' which they pass.

RAGOZIN.

I know each path and every brake.

GLANVILLE.

There hid

In secret ambush, thou must intercept
 Her journey.

RAGOZIN.

RAGOZIN.

And direct her to the world

Unknown.

GLANVILLE.

Thou read'st my meaning right. Go thou
To hasten her departure, and to keep [To Isabella.
Her fears awake.

ISABELLA.

Already she believes
Her life depends upon her instant flight.

[Exit Isabella.

SCENE III.

GLANVILLE, RAGOZIN.

GLANVILLE.

And haply ours. Each moment that she lives
Grows dangerous now ; and should she reach her father,
All may be lost. Let therefore no delay
Hang on thy foot-steps : Terror wings her flight ;
Our danger calls at leasts for equal speed.

RAGOZIN.

They 'scape me not. I know the private path
They needs must tread thro' Baden's lonesome wood,
And death shall meet them in the dreary gloom.

GLANVILLE.

Mean time, soon as she leaves her house, I raise
From whispering tongues, a probable report,
That she with Paulet seeks some foreign shore.
This will confirm her guilt, and shelter us
From all suspicion.

RAGOZIN.

True ; both gone at once

Will

Will give an air of truth so plausible—

GLANVILLE.

Hark ! hush !

RAGOZIN.

Who is it ?

GLANVILLE.

'Tis Cleone's voice !

This way she comes—we must not now be seen.

Fly to thy post, and think on thy reward. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

CLEONE with her Child.

No Paulet to be found ! Misfortune sure
Prevents his friendship ; and I dare not wait
For his assistance. Friendless and alone
I wander forth, Heaven my sole guide, and Truth
My sole support. But come, my little love,
Thou wilt not leave me.

CHILD.

No, indeed I won't !

I'll love you, and go with you every where,
If you will let me,

CLEONE.

My sweet innocent !

Thou shalt go with me. I've no comfort left
But thee. I had—I had a husband once,
And thou a father.—But we're now cast out
From his protection, banish'd from his love.

CHILD.

Why won't he love us ? Sure I've heard you say,
You lov'd him dearly.

CLEONE.

O my bursting heart !

His

Will

His innocence will kill me. So I do,
My angel, and I hope you'll love him too.

CHILD.

Yes, so I will, if he'll love you : and can't
I make him love you ?

CLEONE.

Yes, my dear ; for how
Could he withstand that sweet persuasive look
Of infant innocence !

CHILD.

O then he shall,
If ever I do see him, he shall love you.

CLEONE.

My best, my only friend ! and wilt thou plead
Thy poor wrong'd mother's cause ?

[Enter Isabella.

SCENE V.

CLEONE, *her Child*, and ISABELLA.

ISABELLA.

Dear madam, haste ! Why thus delay your flight,
When dangers rise around ?

CLEONE.

Indeed, my steps
Will linger, Isabella.—O' tis hard—
Alas, thou can'st not feel how hard it is—
To leave a husband's house so dearly lov'd !
Yet go I must—my life is here unsafe.
Pardon, good Heaven, the guilt of those who seek it !
I fear not Death : yet fain methinks would live
To clear my truth to my unkind Sifroy.

ISA-

ISABELLA.

O doubt not, madam, he will find the truth,
 And banish from his breast this strange suspicion.
 But haste, dear lady, wing your steps with haste,
 Left Death should intercept——

CLEONE.

And must I go?

Adieu, dear mansion of my happiest years!
 Adieu, sweet shades! each well-known bower, adieu!
 Where I have hung whole days upon his words,
 And never thought the tender moments long——
 All, all my hopes of future peace, farewell!

[Throws herself on her knees.

But, O great Power! who bending from thy throne
 Look'st down with pitying eyes on erring man,
 Whom weakness blinds, and passions lead astray,
 Impute not to Sifroy this cruel wrong!
 O heal his bosom, wounded by the darts
 Of lying Slander, and restore to him
 That peace, which I must never more regain. *[Rises.*
 Come, my dear love, Heaven will, I trust, protect
 And guide our wandering steps! Yet stay—who knows,
 Perhaps my father too, if Slander's voice
 Hath reach'd his ear, may chide me from his door,
 Or spurn me from his feet!—My sickening heart
 Dies in me at that thought! Yet surely he
 Will hear me speak! A parent sure, will not
 Reject his child unheard!

ISABELLA.

He surely will not. Whence these groundless fears?

CLEONE.

Indeed I am to blame, to doubt his goodness.
 Farewel, my friend!—And oh, when thou shalt see

My

My still belov'd Sifroy ; say, I forgive him----
 Say I but live to clear my truth to him ;
 Then hope to lay my sorrows in the grave,
 And that my wrongs, lest they should wound his peace,
 May be forgotten. — [Exit Cleone, with her Child.

S C E N E VI.

ISABELLA, alone.

Gracious Heaven ! her grief
 Strikes thro' my heart ! Her truth, her innocence
 Are surely wrong'd.—O wherefore did I yield
 My virtue to this man ? Unhappy hour !
 But 'tis too late !—Nor dare I now relent.

[Enter Glanville.

S C E N E VII.

ISABELLA, GLANVILLE.

GLANVILLE.

The gate is clos'd against her, never more
 (If right I read her doom) to give her entrance.
 Thus far, my Isabella, our designs
 Glide smoothly on. The hand of Prudence is
 To me the hand of Providence.

ISABELLA.

Alas !

How blind, how impotent is human prudence !
 I wish, and hope indeed, that screen'd beneath
 The shades of night, which hide these darker deeds,
 We too may lie conceal'd : but ah, my hopes

Are

Are dash'd with fear, lest Heaven's all-piercing eye,
That marks our covert guilt, should flash detection.

GLANVILLE, *sternly*.

If thy vain fears betray us not, we're safe.
Observe me well.--Had I the least surmise,
That struck by conscience, or by phantoms awed,
Thou now would'st shrink---and leave me, or
betray--

By all the terrors that would shake my soul
To perpetrate the deed, thou too should'st fall!

ISABELLA.

And canst thou then suspect, that after all
I've done to prove my love, I should betray thee?
O Glanville! thou art yet, it seems, to learn,
That in her fears tho' weak, a woman's love
Inspires her soul to dare beyond her sex.

GLANVILLE.

Forgive me, Isabella, I suspect
Thee not; this raging fever in my brain
Distracts my reason. But no more---I know
Thee faithful, and will hence be calm.

ISABELLA.

Indeed my heart has been so wholly thine,
That ev'n its springs are temper'd to thy wish.

GLANVILLE.

Think on my warmth no more. I was to blame.
But come, my love, our chief, our earliest care
Must be to give loud Rumour instant voice,
That both detected in their loose amour
Are fled together. Whisper thou the tale
First to the servants, in whose listening ears
Suspensions are already sown; while I

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D

Th'

Th' unwelcome tidings to her fire convey.

[Exit Isabella one way, and as Glanville is going out the other, he meets a servant.

SERVANT.

My lady's brother, Sir, young Beaufort, just Arriv'd, enquires for you, or for your sister.

GLANVILLE.

Attend him in.---The letters of Sifroy Have reach'd their hands. My story of her flight Will, like a closing witness well prepar'd, Confirm her guilt.

[Enter Beaufort Junior.

SCENE VIII.

GLANVILLE, BEAUFORT Junior.

BEAUFORT Junior.

What strange suspicion, Glanville, has possess'd The bosom of Sifroy? Whence had it birth? Or on what ground could Malice fix her stand, To throw the darts of Slander on a name So guarded as Cleone's?

GLANVILLE.

I could wish—

It gives me pain to speak---but I could wish The conduct of Cleone had not given So fair a mark,

BEAUFORT Junior.

So fair a mark!--What! who?

Cleone, say'st thou!--Hath my sister given So fair a mark to Slander? Have a care! The breath that blasts her fame may raise a storm Not easily appeas'd.

GLANVILLE.

It grieves me, sir,

That

That you compel me to disclose, what you
In bitterness of soul must hear. But she
And Prudence have of late been much estrang'd.

BEAUFORT *Junior*.

Defame her not—Discretion crowns her brow,
And in her modest eye sweet Innocence
Smiles on Detraction. Where, where is my sister?
She shall confront thy words—her look alone
Shall prove her truth, and Calumpny confound.

GLANVILLE.

You surely know not, sir, that she is fled—

BEAUFORT *Junior*.

What say'st thou? Fled!—Surprise choaks up my words!
It cannot be! Fled! whither?—Gone! with whom?

GLANVILLE.

With Paulet, sir, Sifroy's young friend.

BEAUFORT *Junior*.

Impossible!

I'm on the rack! Tell, I conjure thee, tell
The whole mysterious tale.—Where are they gone?

GLANVILLE.

That they conceal. I only know, that both,
Soon as they found their impious love disclos'd,
With instant speed withdrew: and 'tis suppos'd
Will seek for shelter on some foreign shore.

BEAUFORT *Junior*.

Where then is Truth, and where is Virtue fled,
Ere while her dear companions?—How, my sister,
How art thou fallen!—Thy father too—O parricide!
Had'st thou no pity on his bending age?
On his fond heart?—too feeble now to bear
So rude a shock,

GLANVILLE.

Can it not be conceal'd?

BEAUFORT *Junior*.

That hope were vain. Himself impatient comes,
From his lov'd daughter to enquire the cause
Of this opprobrious charge. And see, he's here.

[Enter Beaufort Senior.]

SCENE IX.

BEAUFORT *Senior*, BEAUFORT *Junior*, GLANVILLE.

BEAUFORT *Senior*.

Where is my daughter? where my injur'd child?
O bring me to her! she hath yet a father,
(Thanks to the gracious Powers who spar'd my life
For her protection) ready to receive
With tender arms his child, tho' rudely cast
From her rash husband's door. What mean these tears
That trickle down thy cheek? she is not dead!

BEAUFORT *Junior*.

Good Heaven! what shall I say?—No, sir—not dead—
She is not dead—but Oh!—

BEAUFORT *Senior*.

But what? Wound not
My heart! where is she? lead me to my child—
'Tis from her self alone that I will hear
The story of her wrongs.

BEAUFORT *Junior*.

Alas! dear sir,
She is not here.

BEAUFORT *Senior*.

Not here!

BEAU-

BEAUFORT *Junior*.

O fortify

Your heart, my dearest father, to support,
If possible, this unexpected stroke!
My sister, sir—why must I speak her shame!
My wretched sister, yielding to the lure
Of Paulet's arts, hath left her husband's house.

BEAUFORT *Senior*.

Great Pow'r! then have I liv'd, alas! too long.
This is indeed too much. I cannot bear—
But 'tis impossible!—does not thy heart,
My son, bear testimony for thy sister
Against this calumny?—What circumstance,

[To Glanville.

What proof have we of my Cleone's guilt?

GLANVILLE.

Is not their disappearing both at once,
A strong presumption of their mutual guilt?

BEAUFORT *Senior*.

Presumption, say'st thou! Shall one doubtful fact
Arraign a life of innocence unblam'd?
Shall I give up the virtue of my child,
My heart's sweet peace, the comfort of my age,
On weak surmises?—Sir, I must have proof,
Clear, unambiguous proof, not dark presumption.

GLANVILLE.

Thus rudely urg'd, my honour bids me speak,
What else I meant in tenderness to spare.
Know then, I found the wanton youth conceal'd
In her apartment.

BEAUFORT *Senior*.

Thou dost then confess

Thy self my child's accuser?—but thy word

Will not suffice. Far other evidence
Must force me to believe, that Truth long known,
And native Modesty, could thus at once
Desert their station in Cleone's breast.

GLANVILLE.

Wait then for other evidence—
With such as doubt my honour, I disdain
All farther conference. [Exit Glanville.]

SCENE X. BEAUFORT *Senior*, BEAUFORT *Junior*.

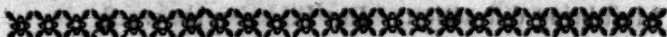
BEAUFORT *Junior*.

What can we think?
His firm undaunted boldness fills my breast
With racking doubts, that dread to be resolv'd,
Yet this suspense is Torture's keenest pang.

BEAUFORT *Senior*.

We must not bear it. No, my son, lead on;
We must be satisfy'd. Let us direct
Our steps to Paulet's habitation. There,
It seems, we must enquire. And yet my soul
Strongly impels me to suspect this Glanville;
For can Cleone, Virtue's fav'rite ward,
Thus totally be chang'd?—If thou art fallen—
If thy weak steps, by this bad world seduc'd,
Have devious turn'd into the paths of Shame,
Never, ah! never let me live to hear
Thy foul dishonour mention'd. If thou art
Traduc'd—and my fond heart still flatters me
With hope—then, gracious Heaven! spare yet my life,
O spare a father to redress his child!

End of the Second ACT.



A C T. III.

S C E N E I. *The Area before Sifroy's House.*

SIFROY alone.

O Dreadful change! my house, my sacred home,
 At sight of which my heart was wont to bound
 With rapture, I now tremble to approach.
 Fair mansion, where bright Honour long hath dwelt
 With my renown'd progenitors, how, how
 At last hath vile Pollution stain'd thy walls!
 Yet look not down with scorn, ye shades rever'd,
 On your dishonour'd son—He will not die
 Till just revenge hath by the wanton's blood
 Atton'd for this disgrace. Yet can it be?
 Can my Cleone, the whose tender smile
 Fed my fond heart with hourly rapture, she
 On whose fair faith alone I built all hope
 Of happiness---can she have kill'd my peace,
 My honour? Could that angel form, which seem'd
 The shrine of Purity and Truth, become
 The seat of Wantonness and Perfidy?
 Ye Powers!---should she be wrong'd---in my own heart
 How sharp a dagger hath my frenzy plung'd!
 O passion-govern'd slave! what hast thou done?
 Hath not thy madness from her house, unheard,
 Driven out thy bosom friend?—Guiltless perhaps—
 Hell, hell is in that thought!—Thou wretch accurst!
 Such thy rash fury, thy unbridled rage,

D 4

Her

Her guilt or innocence alike to thee
Must bring distraction. But I'll know the worst.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *Changes to a Room in the House.*

GLANVILLE, ISABELLA.

GLANVILLE.

What dost thou say? Already is Sifroy
Arriv'd? Who saw him? when?

ISABELLA.

This moment, from
My window, by the glimmering of the moon,
I saw him pass.

GLANVILLE.

He comes as I could wish.

His hot-brain'd fury well did I foresee
Would, on the wings of Vengeance, swiftly urge
His homeward flight. But I am ready arm'd,
Rash fool! for thy destruction. And tho' long
Thou hast usurp'd my rights, thy death at last
Shall give me ample justice.

ISABELLA.

Ah, beware;

Nor seek his life with peril of thine own.

GLANVILLE.

Trust me, my love, (tho' time too precious now
Permits not to unfold to thee my scheme)
I walk in safety, yet have in my grasp,
Secure, his hated life.---But see, he comes---
Retire.

[Exit Isabella. Enter Sifroy.

SCENE

S C E N E III. GLANVILLE, SIFROY.

Exit.

GLANVILLE, *advancing to embrace him.*

My honoured friend !---

SIFROY.

Glanville, forbear---

And ere I join my arms with thee in friendship,
 Say, I conjure thee, by that sacred tye,
 By all thou hold'st most dear on earth, by all
 Thy hopes of heaven, and dread of deepest hell---
 Hast thou not wrong'd my wife ?

GLANVILLE.

Unjust Sifroy !

Hath my warm friendship thus regardful been,
 Thus jealous of thy honour, and dost thou
 Yet question mine ? Sure the united bonds
 Of friendship and of blood, are ties too strong
 To leave a doubt of my sincerity.
 And soon too clearly, sir, you will discern
 Who has been false, and who your faithful friend.

SIFROY.

O rack me not ! let dread Conviction come---
 Her strongest horrors cannot rend my heart
 With half the anguish of this torturing doubt.
 Speak then---for tho' the tale should fire my brain
 To madness, I must hear. Yet, Glanville, stay---
 Let me proceed with caution---my soul's peace
 Depends on this event.---'Tis said I'm rash---
 Bear witness ! am I so ?---Where is my wife ?
 Severe I may be, but I will be just.
 I cannot, will not hear her faith arraign'd,
 Before I see her.

GLAN-

N E

GLANVILLE.

See her, fir ! alas,

Where will you see her ?

SIFROY.

Where ! thou hast not yet

Convey'd her to her father !---On the wings
Of Speed I flew, still hoping to prevent
The rash decree of unreflecting rage.

GLANVILLE.

Heaven give thee patience !---O Sifroy ! my heart,
Tho' thou hast wrong'd it with unkind suspicion,
Bleeds for thy injuries, for thy distress.
The wife, whom thou so tenderly hast lov'd,
Is fled with Paulet.

SIFROY.

Fled !---How ? whither ? when ?

GLANVILLE.

This day they disappear'd, and 'tis believ'd
Intend to fly from shame, and leave the land.

SIFROY.

Impossible !---she cannot be so chang'd---
Was she not all my heart could wish ?---Take heed---
Once more I charge thee, Glanville, and my soul's
Eternal welfare rests upon thy truth---
Traduce her not ! nor drive me to perdition !
For by the flames of vengeance, if I find
Thy accusation true, they shall not 'scape !
Yes, I will trace th' adulterer's private haunts,
Rush like his evil genius on their shame,
And stab the traitor in her faithless arms---
Almighty Power ! whose piercing eye explores
The depths of falsehood ! take not from my arm

This

This due revenge—nor tempt mankind to doubt
The justice of thy ways. Why this intrusion?

[Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

My lady's father, Sir.

SIFROY.

Her father here!

GLANVILLE.

Yes, he was here before---thy letters brought him,
And hence went forth in haste to find out Paulet.

SIFROY.

Conduct him in.

[Exit Servant.

Unhappy man! his grief,

His venerable tears will wring my heart.

Retire, good Glanville; interviews like these,

Of deep-felt mutual woe, all witness shun.

[Exit Glanville.

SCENE IV. SIFROY, BEAUFORT Senior.

BEAUFORT Senior.

Rash man! what hast thou done?---on what surmise
Dost thou impeach the honour of my name,
Sacred thro' many an age from ev'ry stain?
O! thou hast from thy bosom cast away
The sweetest flower that ever nature form'd.

SIFROY.

Reproach me not---commiserate a wretch
On whom Affliction lays her iron hand!
That flower, which look'd so beauteous to the sense,
Ran wild, grew ranker than a common weed.

BEAUFORT Senior.

It is not---cannot be! Have I not known,

Even

Even from her earliest childhood known her heart?
 Known it the seat of Tenderness and Truth?
 Her thoughts were ever pure as virgin snows
 From heaven descending: and that modest blush,
 Display'd on her fair cheek, was Virtue's guard.
 She could not fall thus low---my child is wrong'd!
 Ask thine own heart---recall her blameless life,
 Was she not all a parent's fondest wish---

SIFROY.

Call not to my distracted mind how good,
 How bright she once appear'd. Time was indeed,
 When blest in her chaste love, I fondly thought
 My soul possess'd of all that earth held fair
 And amiable: but memory of past bliss
 Augments the bitter pangs of present woe!
 Is she not chang'd---fallen---lost?

BEAUFORT Senior.

Patience, my son,
 Compose the tempest of thy grief. Just Heaven
 Will doubtless soon reveal the hidden deeds
 Of guilt and shame. If thy unhappy wife
 Thus wanton in the paths of vice hath stray'd---
 I would not rashly curse my darling child---
 Yet hear me, righteous Heaven! May infamy,
 Disease, and beggary imbitter all
 Her wretched life! But my undoubting heart,
 In full conviction of her spotless truth,
 Acquits her of all crime.

SIFROY.

Is it no crime,
 That listening to a vile seducer's voice,
 She leaves her husband's house---her dearest friends?
 Flies with her paramour to foreign climes,

A wil-

A willing exile? Damn'd adu'tress! What,
Are these no crimes?

BEAUFORT *Senior*.

Suppress thy rage. They are:
But is she guilty? Art thou well inform'd
They went together? How doth it appear?
Who saw them? Where? Alas! thy headlong rage
Was too impatient to permit enquiry.

SIFROY.

Were they not missing both? both at one hour?
Say, for thou hast enquir'd; is Paulet found?

BEAUFORT *Senior*.

He is not: but my son perhaps, whom zeal
To clear a much-lov'd sister's injur'd fame
Eager impels to strictest inquisition,
May bring some tidings.

SIFROY.

May kind Heaven direct
His steps where lurks their covert shame from day,
And from my just revenge.

BEAUFORT *Senior*.

Still, still thy rage
With weak, precarious inference concludes
Their unprov'd guilt. Be calm, and answer me.
Think'st thou thy wife, if bent on loose designs,
Would madly join an infant in her flight,
To impede her steps, and aggravate her shame?

SIFROY.

O my confusion! where, where is my child?
Alas I had forgot the harmless innocent!
Bring to my arms the poor deserted babe!
He knows no crime, and guiltless of offence
Shall put his little hands into my breast,
And ease a father's bosom of its sorrows.

BEAU.

BEAUFORT *Senior.*

Unhappy man! that comfort is deny'd thee.

SIFROY.

What means my father?---Speak---yet ah, take heed!
My heart already is too deeply pierc'd,
To bear another wound---What of my child?

BEAUFORT *Senior.*

That he's the partner of his mother's flight,
Should calm, not raise the tempest of thy grief---
For proves it not by consequence direct,
Some secret injury, not guilt, hath driven
My hapless daughter from her husband's roof?

SIFROY.

What injury, what crime could love like mine
Commit against her? Was she not more dear,
More precious to my heart, than the warm food
Which feeds on vital motion?

BEAUFORT *Senior.*

Ev'n that love,

If open to the tales of Calumny,
Might wound her virtue with unjust suspicion,
Besides, to rashness and credulity
Shadows are dæmons, and a weak surmise
Authentic proof. Who's her accuser?

SIFROY.

One

Whose taintless honor, and unshaken truth
Have oft been try'd, and ever stood approv'd.
He, sir, whose friendship, with reluctant grief,
At length disclosed my shame, was honest Glanville:
Report from vulgar breath I had despis'd.

BEAUFORT *Senior.*

So may high Heaven deal mercy to my child,

As I believe *him* treacherous and base.

[Enter BEAUFORT Jun.]

S C E N E V.

SIFROY, BEAUFORT Sen. BEAUFORT Jun.

BEAUFORT Sen.

Here comes my son---What means this look of terror?

BEAUFORT Jun.

I fear, my father, some dread mischief---Ha!----

Is *he* return'd!---Now may the powers avert

This dire suspicion that strikes thro' my heart!

Tell, I conjure thee tell me---where's my sister?

Thou hast not murder'd her!

SIFROY.

Good Heav'n! what means

My brother's dreadful words? Murder my wife!

Speak, quickly speak!---My heart shrinks up with horror!

Whence are thy apprehensions?

BEAUFORT Sen.

My dear son,

Keep not thy father on the rack of doubt,

But speak thy fears.

BEAUFORT Jun.

What fate may have befallen

My injur'd sister, Heaven and thou best know---

But Paulet, whom thy fierce revenge pursu'd,

This night is murder'd.

SIFROY.

Ha! what say'st thou?---Paulet!

Is Paulet dead? How know'st thou he is murder'd?

BEAUFORT Jun.

In the dark path which to the cloyster leads,

His

His sword is found, and bloody marks appear,
That speak the deed too plain.

SIFROY.

But where's my wife?
Was not she with him? Went they not together?

BEAUFORT *Jun.*

Together! no. The villain Glanville's false!
My sister is traduc'd

SIFROY.

False! Glanville false!--
What!--Paulet murder'd!--and my wife traduc'd!
Rack me ye furies! tear me joint from joint!
Your pangs are nothing---I have done a deed,
No tortures can atone!--Tremendous Power!
What tempest wrapt in darkness now prepares
To burst on my devoted head? What crime
Unknown, or unrepented, points me out,
The mark distinguish'd of peculiar vengeance?
Why turns the gracious all-benignant eye
Averse from me? O guide my steps to find
Where lurks this hidden mischief---

BEAUFORT *Jun.*

Lurks it not
In thine own breast?

BEAUFORT *Sen.*

My son, forbear.

SIFROY.

Art thou,

My brother, so unkind! Would I have stabb'd
Thy heart, when breaking with convulsive pangs
Of dreadful doubt?---But I deserve unkindness---
I was unkind, was cruel to Cleone---
Yet lead me to her arms---tho' wrong'd, abus'd,

She,

She, like offended Heaven, will still forgive.
My friend too, my best friend is murder'd ! Oh,
What hand accurs'd hath wrought this web of woe ?
Support me, Mercy ! 'tis too much, too much !
But let Distraction come, and from my brain
Tear out the seat of Memory, that I
No more may think, no more may be a wretch I

BEAUFORT Sen.

Be calm, my son. When Heaven's high hand afflicts,
Submission best becomes us---nor let man,
The child of weakness, murmur.

SIFROY,

O my father !
Thou too my rashness hath undone ! Thou, thou
Wilt join with Heaven to curse me ! but I kiss
The rod of Chastisement, and in the dust
Resign'd, a prostrate suppliant, beg for mercy.

BEAUFORT Sen.

Moderate the grief,
Which thus unmans thee---Rouse thee to the search
Of these dark deeds---and Heaven direct our footsteps,
Hath not Suspicion whisper'd to thy heart,
That he, this Glanville, whom thy friendship trusts
With confidence intire, may yet be false ?

SIFROY.

Till this dread hour, suspicion of his truth
Ne'er touch'd my breast---Now, doubt and horror raise
Distraction in my soul.

BEAUFORT Sen.

All-gracious Power !

Look on our sorrows with a pitying eye !
My feeble heart sinks in me---But do thou
Bear up against this tide of woe : I trust,

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E

If

She,

If goodness dwell in heaven, my child is safe.
 Perhaps she seeks the shelter of these arms,
 And we have miss'd her in th' entangled wood.
 With speed dispatch immediate messengers
 Through different paths, with strictest search to trace
 Cleone's steps, or find thy murder'd friend.
 My son, I charge thee, see this well perform'd.

BEAUFORT *Jun.*

I will not fail. *[Exit Beaufort Jun.,*

BEAUFORT *Sen.*

Mean while let us observe
 Each motion, word, and look of this fell fiend;
 So may we best detect him; and his schemes,
 Tho' gloss'd with saint-like show (if much I err not)
 Will soon in all their horrors stand reveal'd.

[Exeunt,

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Wood.

Enter CLEONE and the Child,

CLEONE.

Whence do these terrors seize my sinking heart?
 Since guilt I know not, wherefore know I fear?
 And yet these silent shadowy scenes awake
 Strange apprehensions. Guardian Powers! protect
 My weakness!---Hark! what noise is that?---All still.
 It was but fancy.---Yet methought the howl
 Of distant wolves broke on the ear of Night,
 Doubling the desert's horror,

CHILD

CHILD.

O I'm frighted !

Why do you speak and look so strangely at me ?

CLEONE.

I will not fright my love. Come, let's go on---

We've but a little way ---Save us, ye Powers !

[Sees Ragozin enter with a dagger and a mask on. She flies with her child, he follows.]

RAGOZIN.

Stop---for thou fly'st in vain,

CLEONE *(within the scenes)*

Help ! Mercy ! Save !

Kill not my infant ! Murder ! O my child !

*[She retreats back to the scene, and falls in a swoon.]**[Re-enter Ragozin.]*

RAGOZIN.

She too is dead !---I fear'd that blow was short---

But hark ! what noise !---I must not be detected---

No time to bury 'em now---be that his care---

*[Exit.]*CLEONE, *waking from her trance.*

Where have I been ? What horrid hand hath stamp'd

This dreadful vision on my brain ? O Death !

Have I not gain'd thy mansions ? Am I still

In this bad world ? What ails my heart ? my head ?

Was not my child here with me ? Sure he was---

And some foul Dæmon terrifies my soul

With fears of murder. Gracious Heaven, forbid !

Conduct my steps, kind Providence, to where

My little wanderer strays, that I may know

This horror in my mind is but a dream,

[Goes out.]

E 2

SCENE.

CHILD

SCENE VII.

Changes to an adjoining part of the wood, and discovers the child murder'd. [Cleone re-enters,

CLEONE.

O fearful Silence! Not a sound returns,
Save the wild echoes of my own sad cries,
To my affrighted ear!---My child! my child!
Where art thou wander'd---where beyond the reach
Of thy poor mother's voice!---Yet while above
The God of justice dwells, I will not deem
The bloody vision true. Heaven hath not left me---
There truth is known, well known---and see my love!
See, where upon the bank its weary'd limbs
Lie stretch'd in sleep. In sleep! O agony!
Blast not my senses with a sight like this!
'Tis blood! 'tis death! my child, my child is murder'd!

[Falls down by her child, kissing it and weeping. Then raising herself on her arm, after a dead silence, and looking by degrees more and more wild, she proceeds in a distracted manner.]

Hark! hark! lie still, my love!---For all the world
Don't stir!---'Tis Glanville, and he'll murder us!
Stay, stay---I'll cover thee with boughs---don't fear---
I'll call the little lambs, and they shall bring
Their softest fleece to shelter thee from cold.
There, there---lie close---he shall not see---no, no;
I'll tell him 'tis an angel I have hid. [She rises up.
Where is he? soft!---he's gone, he's gone, my love,
And shall not murder thee,---Poor innocent!

'Tis

'Tis fast asleep. Well thought ! I'll steal away,
 Now while he slumbers---pick wild berries for him,
 And bring a little water in my hand---
 Then, when he wakes, we'll seat us on the bank,
 And sing all night.

End of the Third ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *a Room in Sifroy's House.*

GLANVILLE, ISABELLA.

GLANVILLE.

Betray'd ! by whom betray'd ? By thy vain fear.
 How curs'd is he who treads on Danger's path,
 Entangled with a woman ! Fool ! alone
 I had been safe.

ISABELLA.

Yet hear me---On my life,
 No word from me hath 'scap'd. We may perchance
 Be yet secure.

GLANVILLE.

Perchance ! And do our lives
 Depend on fickle chance ? But speak---proceed---
 Whence are thy fears ?

ISABELLA.

In close concealment hid,
 This moment I o'erheard a whisper'd scheme
 Of seizing thee.

GLANVILLE.

Confusion ! Can it be ?
 Can Ragozin, the villain, have betray'd me ?

ISABELLA.

I fear he hath. Where is he ?

GLAN-

GLANVILLE.

Not return'd
From Baden wood, to ascertain the deed
That crowns our business. Were but that secure,
My tortur'd soul, torn on the rack of doubt,
Might yet feel peace. How wears the time?

ISABELLA.

Two hours

Are wanting yet to midnight.

GLANVILLE.

Where's Sifroy?

ISABELLA.

With Beaufort. But perplexing doubts distract
His reason, that all power to act forsakes him.
Still farther to alarm---deep-stain'd with gore,
The sword of Paulet's found, and other marks
That speak him murder'd.

GLANVILLE.

That's beyond my wish:

And tells but what I wanted to proclaim.

ISABELLA.

Proclaim! What mean'st thou? Doth it not conduce
To our detection? Doth it not confirm
Their dark suspicions?

GLANVILLE.

The short line, alas,
Of thy weak thought, in vain would sound the depth
Of my designs. But rest thee well assur'd
I have foreseen, and am prepar'd to meet
All possible events.

ISABELLA.

O grant, good Heaven---

E 4

Great

Great God ! how dreadful 'tis to be engag'd
In what we dare not pray that Heaven may prosper !

GLANVILLE.

Curse on thy boding tongue ! Let me not hear
Its superstitious weakness---Hush ! who comes ?
No more---'tis Ragozin---Now sleep Distrust.
First let me learn if he hath done the deed,
If not, I am betray'd, and will awake
In vengeance on his falsehood.

[Enter Ragozin.

SCENE II.

GLANVILLE, ISABELLA, RAGOZIN.

GLANVILLE.

Speak, my friend---

Cleone and her child---say quickly---how disposed ?

RAGOZIN.

To Heav'n remov'd, no longer they obstruct
Our views on earth.

GLANVILLE.

Speak plainly---are they dead ?

RAGOZIN.

Both dead.

GLANVILLE.

Swear, swear to this ! And by all hope
Of that reward which urg'd thee to the deed,
Swear thou hast not betray'd me !

RAGOZIN.

Whence arise

These base suspicions ? I disdain that crime !
Tho' branded with the name of an assassin,

I am

I am not yet so mean as to betray.

GLANVILLE.

Distraction!—May I trust thee?

RAGOZIN.

As thou wilt.

GLANVILLE, *pausing*.

It must be so—we still are safe: and this
Pretence of strong suspicion is no more
Than subtil artifice, contriv'd to draw
Th' unwary to confession.

RAGOZIN.

'Tis no more.

GLANVILLE.

Nor will I more than with a just contempt
Regard it. All our deeds of blood are done.
What now remains, the law shall execute.

RAGOZIN.

What's thy intent?

GLANVILLE.

The thrust thus aim'd at me,
Shall deeply pierce Sifroy's unguarded bosom.
Thy aid once more, as witness to his threats.

RAGOZIN.

Freely I would, but safety now requires
That I abscond. The stipulated sum,
Forgive me therefore, if I claim this night.

GLANVILLE.

'Tis thine. But hark!—retire—I hear his step—
One moment wait---at his return, 'tis thine.

RAGOZIN, *aside*.

Curs'd chance! Were I possess'd of my reward,
Who would might wait thee now---nor will I more
Than some short moments rest unsatisfied.

[Exit.

[Enter Sifroy.

SCENE III. GLANVILLE, SIFROY.

SIFROY, *not seeing* GLANVILLE.

O Happiness! thou frail, thou fading flower,
 Whose culture mocks all human toil, farewell!
 But I, blind madman! by the roots have pluck'd
 Thy sweetness from my bosom. My dear love!
 Where wanders now thy wrong'd, thy helpless virtue?
 On what cold stone reclines thy drooping head,
 While trickling tears call thy Sifroy inhuman?
 Deluded wretch! why did my greedy ear
 Catch the rank poison of Suspicion's breath,
 And to my tortur'd brain convey distraction?

GLANVILLE, *advancing to him.*

Are thus my faithful services repaid?
 Are the plain truths my undisguising heart
 In friendship told, already deem'd no more
 Than vile suggestions of designing falsehood?

SIFROY.

Villain, they are!—Thou know'st them false as hell!
 Where is my wife?—O traitor! thou hast plung'd
 My soul into perdition!

GLANVILLE.

Rather say,

That he who led astray the willing wife,
 Thy folly doats on—he—

SIFROY.

Blasphemer! stop

Thy impious tongue! The breast of that dear saint
 Enshrines a soul as spotless as her form.
 Said'st thou not, Slanderer! that my love was fled
 With Paulet?

GLAN-

GLANVILLE.

True : I did.

SIFROY.

Art thou not sure
That this is false ? Hast thou no dreadful cause
To know it cannot be ?

GLANVILLE.

None. Thou, perhaps,
Whose bloody errand I indeed have heard
Already is accomplish'd—thou, 'tis true,
May'st know that they are parted : 'twas the deed
Thou flew'st thus swiftly to perform. But how
Doth that impeach the truth of her elopement ?
That thou hast murder'd him, acquits not her.

SIFROY.

That I have murder'd !—I !---Pernicious wretch !
What dark design, by blackest fiends inspir'd,
Lurks in thy treacherous soul ? Tremendous Power !
Have I then sinn'd beyond all hope of mercy ?
Must the deep phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On my devoted head, be pour'd from him ?
But all thy ways are just ! To him I gave
That credit which I ow'd my injur'd love---
He now, by thy supreme decree, stands forth
The avenger of my crime.

[Enter Beaufort Senior,
with Officers, &c.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

FR OY, GLANVILLE, BEAUFORT *Sen. Officers, &c.*

BEAUFORT *Senior.*

Seize there your victim.

GLANVILLE.

What means this outrage?—Upon what pretence—

BEAUFORT *Senior.*

The bloody hand of murder points out thee
To strong suspicion. Turn'st thou pale?—O wretch!
Thy guilt drinks up thy blood.

GLANVILLE.

Not guilt, but rage!

Who dares accuse me?

BEAUFORT *Senior.*

I. Where's Paulet? where

My daughter? who thou basely said'st, were fled
Together?

GLANVILLE.

That his poniard found the way
To part their steps, impeaches not my truth.

BEAUFORT *Senior.*

His poniard!

GLANVILLE.

His. I should have scorn'd to charge
The man, whose honour I think deeply wrong'd:
But my own life attempted thus, demands
That truth should rise to light. Cam'st thou not here,
Driven by the fury of a dire revenge?
What other motive urg'd thy desperate haste?

SIFROY.

SIFROY.

Insidious slave! hast thou insnar'd my soul
By treacherous arts?—Hast thou with falsehood vile
Inflam'd this hapless breast?—And would'st thou now I
Infer my guilt, from my provok'd resentment?

GLANVILLE.

Lean'd I on feeble inference—I would ask,
What cause have I to seek this Paulet's blood?
'Twas not my wife, my daughter, he seduc'd!
How has he injur'd me? But I reject
These trivial pleas—I build on certain proof.

BEAUFORT Senior.

What proof?

GLANVILLE.

The strongest—his own hand and seal
Fixt to the firm resolve, that he alone [*Shewing the letter*,
Would do the righteous deed---for so his rage
Calls Paulet's murder.

BEAUFORT Senior.

Ha! What can I think!

Unhappy man! and hast thou to the crime
Of rash suspicion, added that of murder?

SIFROY,

My father, hear thy son, I plead not for
My life, but justice---That I am a wretch,
Groaning beneath the weight of Heaven's just ire---
That snared and caught in meditated wiles,
I banish'd from my house a guiltless wife---
That burning with revenge, I flew to quench
My wrath in Paulet's blood---all this I own.
But by the sacred eye of Providence!
That views each human step, and still detects

The

The murderer's deed, of this imputed crime
My heart is ignorant, my hands are clear.

BEAUFORT Senior.

I wish thee innocent---

GLANVILLE.

Have then my words
No weight? And is his own attesting hand
No proof against him? Is her secret flight
An accident? No more--- O partial man!
To hide thy daughter's shame, thou seek'st my life.
But I appeal from thee to public justice.

BEAUFORT Senior.

To that thou art consign'd: and may the hand
Of strict enquiry drag to open day
All secret guilt, tho' shame indelible
Should brand a daughter nearest to my heart.
Heaven aid my search! I seek not blood, but truth,
Guard safe your prisoner to the magistrate,
I'll follow you. The justice thou demand'st,
Thou shalt not want,

GLANVILLE.

'Tis well; I ask no more.

Let Ragozin, let Isabella too
Attend the magistrate---on them I call
To clear my slander'd name.

BEAUFORT Senior.

It shall be so.

Take them this instant to your strictest care,
Thou too, Sifroy, be ready to attend.

SIFROY.

O think not I will leave him, till full proof
Condemn him or acquit.

BEAV-

BEAUFORT *Senior.*

The cause demands it,

[*Exeunt Officers with Glanville guarded.*]

SCENE V. SIFROY, BEAUFORT *Senior.*

SIFROY.

Whence has the miscreant this unusual firmness?

Can guilt be free from terror?

BEAUFORT *Senior.*

No, my son :

And thro' the mask of smooth Hypocrisy,

Methinks I see conceal'd a trembling heart.

If he be true, my daughter must be false :

If he be guiltless, who hath murder'd Paulet?

SIFROY.

There, there, thank Heaven ! my hands are innocent,

But oh, my love !---Conduct me where she strays

Forlorn and comfortless ! Alas, who knows---

Her tender heart perhaps this moment breaks

With my unkindness ! Wretch ! what hast thou lost !

[*Enter Beaufort Junior.*]

SCENE VI.

SIFROY, BEAUFORT *Senior*, BEAUFORT *Junior.*

BEAUFORT *Junior.*

Thy soul's sweet peace !---Never, no never more

To be regain'd !---Shame, anguish, and despair

Shall haunt thy future hours ! Severe Remorse

Shall strike his vulture talons thro' thy heart,

And

And rend thy vital threads.

BEAUFORT Senior.

What means my son ?

SIFROY.

My brother !---if I may conjure thee yet
By that dear name.---

BEAUFORT Junior.

Thou may'st not---I disclaim it !

SIFROY.

Why dost thou still alarm my shuddering soul
With rising terrors ?

BEAUFORT Senior.

My dear son, relieve

Thy father from this dread suspense !

BEAUFORT Junior.

O fir ! how shall I speak ! or in what words
Unfold the horrors of this night ?---My sister---
Lost to her wretched self---thro' dreary wilds
Wanders distracted---void of Reason's light
To guide her devious feet.

BEAUFORT Senior.

Support me, Heaven !

Then every hope is fled !---Thy will be done !---
Where is my child ? Where was she found ?

BEAUFORT Junior.

Alas !

Of soul too delicate, too soft to bear
Unjust reproach, and undeserved shame,
Distraction seiz'd her in the gloom of night,
As passing thro' the wood she sought the arms
Of a protecting father.

SIFROY.

SIFROY.

Do I live?

Is such a wretch permitted still to breathe?
 Why opens not this earth? Why sleeps above
 The lightening's vengeful blast? Is Heaven unjust?
 Or am I still reserv'd for deeper woe?
 I hope not mercy---that were impious---
 Pour then on my bare head, ye ministers
 Of wrath! your hottest vengeance---

BEAUFORT *Junior*.

Stop---forbear---

Nor imprecate that vengeance which unseen,
 Already hangs o'er thy devoted life.
 Thou know'st not yet the measure of thy woe.
 Thy child, thy lovely babe, a bloody corse,
 Lies breathless by his frantic mother's side---
 Much to be fear'd, by her own hand destroy'd,
 When Reason in her brain had lost dominion.

SIFROY.

My child too gone!--Then misery is complete---
 O my torn heart!--Is there in Heaven no pity?
 None, none for me! The wrongs of all I lov'd
 To Heaven ascending, barr th'eternal gates,
 And close the ear of Mercy 'gainst my prayer.
 But Fate's last bolt is thrown, and I am curst
 Beyond all power to sharpen Torture's pang.
 Yes, I am scorn'd, abandon'd, and cast out
 By Heaven and Earth!--I must not call thee father---
 I have undone thee, robb'd thee of the name:
 And now, my self am childless, and undone.

BEAUFORT *Senior*.

Forbear, my son, to aggravate thy grief,

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Already

Already too severe. Kind Providence
May yet restore, and harmonize the mind.

SIFROY.
May Heaven pour blessings on thy reverend head
For that sweet hope ! but say, where shall I see her ?---
How bear the dreadful fight !

BEAUFORT Junior.
Dreadful indeed !

On the cold earth they found her laid ; her head,
Supported on her arm, hung o'er her child,
The image of pale Grief, lamenting Innocence.
Sometimes she speaks fond words, and seems to smile
On the dead babe as 'twere alive,---Now like
The melancholy bird of night, she pours
A soft and melting strain, as if to soothe
Its slumbers : and now clasps it to her breast,
Cries Glanville is not here---fear not, my love,
He shall not come---Then wildly throws her eyes
Around, and in the tenderest accent calls
Aloud on thee, to save her from dishonour !

SIFROY.
Haste, let us haste---distracted thus, she grows
Still dearer, still more precious to my soul !
O let me soothe her sorrows into peace.

BEAUFORT Senior.
Stay---calls she frequently on Glanville's name ?

BEAUFORT Junior.
So they report who found her.

BEAUFORT Senior.
Left they her
Alone ?

BEAUFORT Junior.
No : but all arts to court her thence were vain.

BEAU-

BEAUFORT *Senior.*

Thither with speed this moment let us fly.
Let Glanville too attend. From the wild words
Of madness and delirium, he who struck
From darkness light---may call Discovery forth,
To guide our footsteps.

BEAUFORT *Junior.*

Just is your resolve,
And I will follow you---but have receiv'd
Intelligence of Paulet that imports us.

SIFROY.

Of Paulet! of my friend! What may it be?

BEAUFORT *Junior.*

As yet I'm ignorant.

BEAUFORT *Senior.*

To gain us light,
Be no means left untry'd.

[*Exit BEAUFORT Junior.*

SIFROY.

But haste, we linger.
Yet whither can I fly? where seek for peace?
In its most tender vein my heart is wounded!
Had I been smote in any other part,
I could have borne with firmness; but in Thee;
My wrong'd, my ruin'd love, I bleed to death.

End of the Fourth ACT.



A C T V.

SCENE, *the Wood.*

Cleone is discovered sitting by her dead child ; over whom she hath form'd a little bower of shrubs and branches of trees. She seems very busy in picking little sprigs from a bough in her hand.

CLEONE sings.

The Music by Mr. OSWALD.

Largo Affetuoso.

Sweeter than the damask rose rose
 Was his lovely breast ; There, O
 let me there repose, Sigh,
 sigh, and sink to rest.

Did I not love him ? who can say I did not ?
 My heart was in his bosom, but he tore
 It out, and cast it from him---Yet I lov'd---

And

And he more lovely seem'd to that fond heart,
Than the bright cherub sailing on the skirts
Of yonder cloud, 'th inhabitant of heaven.

Enter SIFROY, BEAUFORT Senior, ISABELLA, GLANVILLE, RAGOZIN, Officers, &c.

BEAUFORT Senior.

This is the place---And see my hapless child !
Why, gracious Heaven ! why have I liv'd to feel
This dreadful moment ?---Soft I pray ye tread---
And let us well observe her speech and action.

SIFROY.

Have I donè this !---and do I live !---My heart
Drops blood !---But to thy guidance I will bend,
And in fore'd silence smother killing grief.

GLANVILLE.

Did'st thou not tell me, villain, she was dead ?

RAGOZIN.

I was deceiv'd---by Heav'n, I thought her so.

GLANVILLE.

May Hell reward thee.

BEAUFORT Senior.

Stay---she rises---hush !

CLEONE.

Soft ! soft ! he stirs---

O I have wak'd him---I have wak'd my child !
And when false Glanville knows it, he again
Will murder him.

BEAUFORT Senior.

---Mark that !

GLANVILLE.

And are the words

Of incoherent madness to convict me?

SIFROY.

They are the voice of Heaven, detecting murder !
Yes, Villain ! Thy infernal aim appears.

CLEONE.

No, no ; all still---As undisturb'd he sleeps
As the stolen infant rock'd in th' eagle's nest.
I'll call the red-breast, and the nightingale,
Their pious bills once cover'd little babes,
And sung their dying dirge. Again, sweet birds !
Again pour forth your melancholy notes,
And soothe once more that innocence ye love.

SIFROY,

On that enchanting voice, how my fond heart
Hath hung with rapture !—now too deeply pierc'd
I die upon the sound. [*He advances towards her,*

My dearest love,

Behold thy own Sifroy, return'd to calm
Thy griefs ! and pour into thy wounded mind
The healing balm of tenderness !

CLEONE, *frighted and trembling.*

Sweet Heaven,

Protect me ! O if you have pity, save
My infant !—Cast away that bloody steel !
And on my knees I'll kiss the gentle hand
That spar'd my child !—Glanville shall never know
But we are dead—In this lone wood we'll live,
And I no more will seek my husband's house.
And yet I never wrong'd him ! never indeed !

SIFROY.

I know thou didst not—Look upon me, love !
Dost thou not know me ? I am thy Sifroy—

Thy

Thy husband---Do not break my heart---O speak!
That look will kill me!

BEAUFORT *Sen.*

My dear child! look up---
Look on thy father! Am I too forgotten?
Is every filial trace in thy poor brain
Defac'd---She knows us not!---May Heaven, my son,
Lend thee its best support! For me---my days
Are few; nor can my sorrow's date be long
Protracted,

SIFROY.

Say not so! Must I become
The murderer of all I hold most dear?

CLEONE.

Yes---yes---a husband once---a father too
I had---but lost, quite lost---deep in my brain
Bury'd they lie---in heaps of rolling sand---
I cannot find them.

SIFROY.

O heart-rending grief!
How is that fair, that amiable mind,
Disjointed, blasted by the fatal rage,
Of one rash moment!

[She goes to her child, he follows.

Let sweet Pity veil

The horrors of this scene from every eye!
My child! my child! hide, hide me from that sight!

[Turns away.

CLEONE.

Stay, stay,---for you are good, and will not hurt
My lamb. Alas, you weep---why should you weep?
I am his mother, yet I cannot weep.
Have you more pity than a mother feels?

But I shall weep no more—my heart is cold,

SIFROY, *falling on his knees.*

O mitigate thy wrath, good Heaven! Thou know'st
My weakness—lay not on thy creature more
Than he can bear: Restore her, O restore!
But if it must not be—if I am doom'd
To stand a dreadful warning to deter
Frail man from sudden rage—almighty Power,
Then take, in mercy take, this wretched life!

[As he rises, Isabella comes forward and throws herself at his feet.]

ISABELLA.

Hear, hear me, sir!—My very heart is pierc'd!
And my shock'd soul, beneath a load of guilt,
Sinks down in terrors unsupportable.
'Tis heaven impels me to reveal the crimes,
In which a fatal passion has involv'd me.
Protect me, save from his desperate rage!

[Glanville suddenly pulls out a short dagger which he had conceal'd in his bosom; and attempts to stab her; one of the officers wrenches it from him.]

BEAUFORT Senior.

Ha! seize the dagger!

SIFROY.

Hold thy murderous hand!

RAGOZIN, *aside.*

All is betray'd— for me no safety now,
But sudden flight.

[He endeavours to withdraw.]

SIFROY.

Stop—seize—detain that slave!

Th' attempt to fly bespeaks him an accomplice.

[He is seized by the officers.]

ISABELLA,

ISABELLA, to GLANVILLE.

Tremble, O wretch!—Thou see'st that Heaven is just,
Nor suffers even ourselves to hide our deeds,
To death I yield—nor hope, nor wish for life—
Permit me to reveal some dreadful truths,
And I shall die content. Thy hapless wife,
Chaste as the purest angel of the sky,
By Glanville is traduc'd---by him betray'd.
Paulet is murder'd---and by his device,
The lovely child. Seduc'd by his vile arts,
And by the flattering hopes of wealth insnar'd,
Distracting thought! I have destroy'd my soul.

BEAUFORT Senior.

Why, why so far from Virtue didst thou stray,
That to compassionate thy wretched fate,
Almost is criminal?

BEAUFORT Senior, to GLANVILLE,

But canst thou bear—
Can thy hard heart support this dreadful scene?

GLANVILLE.

I know the worst, and am prepar'd to meet it.
That wretch hath seal'd my death. And had I but
Aveng'd her timorous perfidy---the rest
I'd leave to Fate; and neither should lament
My own, nor pity yours.

SIFROY,

Inhuman savage!

But Justice shall exert her keenest scourge,
And wake to terror thy unfeeling heart.
Guard them to safe confinement.--Killing sight!
Behold that piteous object!--Her dumb grief
Speaks to my heart unutterable woe!

Horror

Horror is in her silence--- (*He goes to her*) My dear love!
Look, look upon me! Let these tears prevail,
And with thy reason, wake thy pity too.

CLEONE.
Again you weep---But had you lost a wife,
As I a husband, you might weep indeed!
Or had you lost so sweet a boy as mine,
'Twould break your heart!

SIFROY.
Her words are pointed steel!
Have I not lost a wife?---lost a sweet boy?
Indeed I have!--My self too murder'd them!

CLEONE.
That was unkind---Why did you so?---But hush!
Let no one talk of murder---I was kill'd---
My husband murder'd me---but I forgave him.

SIFROY.
I cannot, cannot bear!--O torture! torture!

BEAUFORT Senior.
Collect thy self, and with the humble eye
Of patient Hope, look up to Heaven resign'd.

SIFROY.
Hope! where is hope!--Alas, no hope for me!
On downy pinions, lo! to heaven she flies---
To realms of bliss---where I must never come!
Terrors are mine---and from the depths below,
Despair looks out, and beckons me to sink!

BEAUFORT Senior.
Assuage thy grief! call Reason to thy aid,
Perhaps we yet may save her precious life;
At least delay not, by some gentle means,
To soothe her to return.

SIFROY.

SIFROY.

May soft Persuasion dwell upon thy lips !
 But ah, can tears or arguments avail,
 When Reason marks not ?

[Enter Beaufort Junior.

S C E N E III.

CLEONE, SIFROY, BEAUFORT Senior, BEAUFORT Junior,

BEAUFORT Junior.

Where, where is my sister ?

BEAUFORT Senior.

Alas ! the melancholy sight will pierce
 Thy inmost soul !—But do not yet disturb her,
 Distraction o'er her memory hangs a cloud,
 That hides us from her,

SIFROY.

My dearest brother ! can thy heart receive
 The wretch, who robb'd it of a sister's love ?

BEAUFORT Junior.

I do forgive thee all.—Alas, my brother !
 Most basely wert thou wrong'd. But Truth is found—
 Paulet, tho' wounded, yet escap'd with life.

SIFROY.

Then Heaven is just—But tell me, how escap'd—

BEAUFORT Junior.

Thou shalt know all—But stay ! my sister speaks—

CLEONE, *coming forward.*

O who hath done it !—who hath done this deed
 Of death ?—My child is murder'd—my sweet babe

Berest

Bereft of life !—Thou Glanville ! thou art he !
 Remorfelefs fiend ! destroy a child ! an infant !—
 Monster forbear !—See fee the little heart
 Bleeds on his dagger's point !

[Looking down to the earth.

But lo ! the Furies !—the black fiends of hell
 Have seiz'd the Murderer ! look ! they tear his heart—
 That heart which had no pity ! Hark ! he shrieks—
 His eye-balls glare—his teeth together gnafh
 In bitterness of anguish—while the fiends
 Scream in his frighted ear---*Thou shalt not murder !*

BEAUFORT Senior.

What dreadful visions terrify her brain !
 To interrupt her must relieve.----Speak to her.

SIFROY.

My dearest love !---cast but one look upon us !

CLEONE, *looking up to heaven.*

Is that my infant ?---Whither do ye bear
 My bleeding babe ? Not yet. O mount not yet,
 Ye sons of light, but take me on your wings,
 With my sweet innocent---I come ! I come !

[Her father and brother take hold of her.

Yet hold ! where is my husband---my Sifroy ?

Will not he follow ? Will he quite forsake

His poor lost wife ?---O tell him I was true ! *[Swoons,*

BEAUFORT Senior.

Alas, she faints !---I fear the hand of Death
 Is falling on her. Gently bear her up.

SIFROY.

O God ! my heart---

My heart-strings break !---Did not her dying words

Dwell on my name ? Did not her latest sigh

Breathe

Breathe tenderness for me?—for me, the wretch,
 Whose rash suspicion, whose intemperate rage,
 Abandon'd her to shame!—Hah! gracious Heaven!
 Does she not move? Does not returning light
 Dawn in her feeble eye? Her opening lips
 Breathe the sweet hope of life!

CLEONE.

Where have I been?

What dreadful dreams have floated in my brain!

BEAUFORT *Senior*.

How fares my child?

CLEONE.

O faint! exceeding faint!

My father!—my dear father!—Do I wake?

And am I, am I in a father's arms?

My brother too—O happy!

BEAUFORT *Junior*.

My dear sister!

SIFROY.

Transporting rapture! Will my love return

To life? to reason too? Indulgent Power!

CLEONE.

What sound, what well-known voice is that I hear!

Support me, raise me to his long-lost arms!

It is my husband! my Sifroy! my love!

Alas, too faint—I never more shall rise.

SIFROY.

Ah! do not wound me, do not pierce my heart

With any thought so dreadful! Art thou given

In mockery only to my longing arms?

Raise up thy head, my love! lean on my breast,

And whisper to my soul thou wilt not die.

CLEONE.

CLEONE.

How thy sweet accents soothe the pangs of death!
 Witniſſ ye Angels! thus in thy dear arms
 To die, my faithful love, and ſpotleſs truth
 Confirm'd, was all my wiſh! Where is my father!
 Let me but take his bleſſing up to Heaven,
 And I ſhall go with confidence!

BEAUFORT Senior.

My child---

My darling child!---May that pure bliſs, juſt Heaven
 Beſtows upon departed ſaints, be thine!

CLEONE.

Farewel, my brother! comfort and ſupport
 Our father's feeble age---To heal his grief
 Will give thy ſiſter's dying moments eaſe.

SIFROY.

Talk not of death!---We muſt not, muſt not part!
 Good Heaven! her dying agonies approach!

CLEONE.

The keenest pang of death, is that I feel
 For thy ſurviving woe.---Adieu, my love!
 I do entreat thee with my laſt, laſt breath,
 Reftrain thy tears---nor let me grieve to think
 'Thou feel'ſt a pain I cannot live to cure.

SIFROY.

Might'ſt thou but live, how light were every pain
 Fate could inſiſt!

CLEONE.

It will not be!--I faint--

My ſpirits fail---farewel---receive me, Heaven. [Dies

SIFROY.

She's gone!--for ever gone!--Those lovely eyes
 Are clos'd in death---no more to look on me!

My

My fate is fix'd, and in this tortur'd breast
Anguish---Remorse---Despair---must ever dwell.

BEAUFORT *Senior.*

Offended Power ! at length with pitying eyes
Look on our misery ! Cut short this thread,
That links my soul too long to wretched life !
And let mankind, taught by his hapless fate,
Learn one great truth, Experience finds too late ;
That dreadful ills from rash Resentment flow,
And sudden Passions end in lasting Woe.

End of the Fifth ACT.

CELLS OF THE

My fate is fixed, and in this tower I stand
Augustine, Remond, Delphar, and even I shall
Be a victim of their rage, and in their
Offended Power, at length with my hands
I look on our sufferings, and in front of them
That links my fate to long to be washed
And let mankind, taught by his hapless fate,
Learn one great truth, that vengeance fails too late;
That dreadful his from that Reformation flow,
And hidden Factions end in killing war.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



EPILOGUE,

As originally Written

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. BELLAMY.

WELL, Ladies--so much for the Tragic stile--

And now, the custom is--to make you smile.

"To make us smile, I hear Flippanta say,

"Yes--- we have smil'd indeed---thro' half the play:

"We always laugh when Rards, demure and fly,

"Bestow such mighty pains---to make us cry.

"And truly, to bring sorrow to a crisis,

"Mad-folks, and murder'd babes are---shrewd devices:

"The Captain gone three years---and then to blame

"The vestal conduct of his virtuous dame I---

"What French, what English bride would think it treason,

"When thus accus'd---to give the bruts some reason?

"Out of my house---this night, forsooth---depart!

"A modern wife had said---With all my heart

"But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone!

"Order your coach---conduct me safe to town---

"Give me my jewels---wardrobe---and my maid---

"And pray take care my pin-money be paid:

"Else know, I wield a pen---and, for his glory,

"My dear's domestic seats may shine in story!

"Then for the Child---the tale was truly sad---

"But who for such a bantling would run mad?

VOL. II.

G

"What

EPILOGUE.

*What wife, at midnight hour inclin'd to roam,
 " Would fondly drag her little chit from home ?
 " What has a mother with her child to do ?
 " Dear brats---the Nursery's the place for you !"*

*Such are the strains of many a modish Fair !
 Yet memoirs---not of modern growth---declare
 The time has been, when modesty and truth
 Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth ;
 E're, in the dice-box, Ladies found delight ;
 Or swoon'd, for lack of cards, on Sunday-night ;
 When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
 Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd, at public places,
 Nor took the airs of Amazon---for graces !
 When plain domestic virtues were the mode,
 And wives ne'er dream'd of happiness abroad,
 But cheer'd their offspring, shun'd a fantastick air,
 And, with the joys of wedlock, mix'd the Care.*

*Such modes are past---yet sure they merit praise ;
 For marriage triumph'd in those wassel days :
 No virgin sigh'd in vain ; no stars arose,
 Lest holy wars should cause a dearth of loves ;
 By chaste decorum, each affection gain'd ;
 By faith and fondness, what she won, maintain'd.*

*'Tis yours, ye Fair ! to mend a thoughtless age,
 That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
 To yield frail Husbands no pretence to stray,
 (Men will be wakes, if women lead the way)
 To soothe---But true with these preceptive lays,
 The Muse, who dazzled with your ancient praise,
 On present Worth, and modern Beauty tramples,
 Must own, she ne'er could boast more bright examples.**

* Addressing the Boxes.

MEL

MELPOMENE:

O R,

The Regions of TERROR and PITY.

A N

O D E.

I.

QUEEN of the human heart ! at whose command
 The swelling tides of mighty Passion rise ;
 MELPOMENE, support my vent'rous hand,
 And aid thy suppliant in his bold emprise ;
 From the gay scenes of pride
 Do thou his footsteps guide
 To Nature's awful courts, where nurs'd of yore,
 Young Shakespear, Fancy's child, was taught his various
 lore.

II.

So may his favour'd eye explore the source,
 To few reveal'd, whence human sorrows charm :
 So may his numbers, with pathetic force,
 Bid *Terror* make us, or *Compassion* warm,
 As different strains controul
 The movements of the soul ;
 Adjust its passions, harmonize its tone ;
 To feel for others' woe, or nobly bear its own.

G 2

III. Deep

III.

Deep in the covert of a shadowy grove,
 'Mid broken rocks where dashing currents play ;
 Dear to the pensive Pleasures, dear to Love,
 And *Damon's* Muse, that breathes her melting lay,
 This ardent prayer was made :
 When lo ! the secret shade,
 As conscious of some heavenly presence, shook---
 Strength, firmness, reason, all---my' astonish'd soul forsook.

IV.

Ah ! whither Goddess ! whither am I borne ?
 To what wild region's necromantic shore ?
 These pannics whence ? and why my bosom torn
 With sudden terrors never felt before ?
 Darkness inwraps me round,
 While from the vast profound
 Emerging spectres dreadful shapes assume,
 And gleaming on my sight, add horror to the gloom.

V.

Ha ! what is He whose fierce indignant eye
 Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame ?
 Whose boisterous fury blows a storm so high
 As with its thunder shakes his labouring frame.
 What can such rage provoke ?
 His words their passage choke :
 His eager steps nor time nor truce allow,
 And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow.

VI. Pro-

MELPOMENE.

VI.

Protect me, Goddess ! whence that fearful strike
Of consternation ? as grim Death had laid
His icy fingers on some guilty cheek,
And all the powers of manhood shrunk dismay'd ;
Ah see ! besmear'd with gore
Revenge stands threatening o'er
A pale delinquent, whose retorted eyes
In vain for pity call--the wretched victim dies.

VII.

Not long the space--abandon'd to despair,
With eyes aghast, or hopeless fix'd on earth,
This slave of passion rends his scatter'd hair,
Beats his sad breast, and execrates his birth ;
While torn within he feels
The pangs of whips and wheels ;
And sees, or fancies, all the fiends below,
Beckoning his frighted soul to realms of endless woe.

VIII.

Before my wondering sense new phantoms dance,
And stamp their horrid shapes upon my brain--
A wretch with jealous brow, and eyes askance,
Feeds all in secret on his bosom pain,
Fond love, fierce hate assail ;
Alternate they prevail :
While conscious pride and shame with rage conspire,
And urge the latent spark to flames of torturing fire.

MELPOMENE.

IX.

The storm proceeds---his changeful visage trace :
From Rage to Madness every feature breaks.
A growing phrenzy grins upon his face,
And in his frightful stare Distraction speaks :
His straw-invested head
Proclaims all reason fled ;
And not a tear bedews those vacant eyes---
But songs and shouts succeed, and laughter-mingled sighs

X.

Yet, yet again !---a Murderer's hand appears
Grasping a pointed dagger stain'd with blood !
His look malignant chills with boding fears,
That check the current of life's ebbing flood.
In midnight's darkest clouds
The dreary miscreant throwds
His felon step---as 'twere to darkness given
To dim the watchful eye of all-pervading Heaven.

XI.

And hark ! ah Mercy ! whence that hollow sound ?
Why with strange horror starts my bristling hair ?
Earth opens wide, and from unhallow'd ground
A pallid Ghost slow-rising steals on air,
To where a mangled corse
Expos'd without remorse
Lies shroudless, unentomb'd, he points the away---
Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.

XII. " Was

XII.

“ Was it for this, he cries, with kindly shower
 “ Of daily gifts the traitor I caress’d?
 “ For this, array’d him in the robe of power,
 “ And lodg’d my royal secrets in his breast?
 “ O kindness ill repay’d!
 “ To bare the murdering blade
 “ Against my life!—may Heav’n his guilt explore,
 “ And to my suffering race their splendid rights restore.”

XIII.

He said, and stalk’d away. Ah Goddess! cease
 Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain;
 These horrid phantoms shake the throne of peace,
 And Reason calls her boasted powers in vain:
 Then change thy magic wand,
 Thy dreadful troops disband,
 And gentler shapes, and softer scenes disclose,
 To melt the feeling heart, yet soothe its tenderest woes.

XIV.

The fervent prayer was heard.---With hideous sound,
 Her ebon gates of darkness open flew;
 A dawning twilight cheers the dread profound;
 The train of Terror vanishes from view.
 More mild enchantments rise;
 New scenes salute my eyes,
 Groves, fountains, bowers, and temples grace the plain,
 And turtles coo around, and nightingales complain.

XV. And

XV.

And every myrtle bower and cypress grove,
 And every solemn temple teems with life;
 Here glows the scene with fond but hapless love,
 There, with the deeper woes of human strife,
 In groups around the lawn,
 By fresh disasters drawn,
 The sad spectators seem transfix'd in woe;
 And pitying sighs are heard, and heart-felt sorrows flow.

XVI.

Behold that beauteous maid! her languid head
 Bends like a drooping lily charg'd with rain;
 With floods of tears she bathes a Lover dead,
 In brave assertion of her honour slain,
 Her bosom heaves with sighs;
 To Heaven she lifts her eyes,
 With grief beyond the power of words oppress'd,
 Sinks on the lifeless corse, and dies upon his breast.

XVII.

How strong the hands of Friendship? yet, alas!
 Behind yon mouldering tower with ivy crown'd,
 Of two, the foremost in her sacred class,
 One, from his friend, receives the fatal wound!
 What could such fury move?
 Ah what, but ill-star'd love?
 The same fair object each fond heart enthalls,
 And he, the favour'd youth, her hapless victim falls.

XVIII. Can

XVIII.

Can ought so deeply sway the generous mind
 To mutual truth, as female trust in love find
 Then what relief shall yon fair mourner find,
 Scorn'd by the man who should her plaints remove?
 By fair, but false pretence,
 She lost her innocence;
 And that sweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art,
 Claspt in her arms expires, and breaks the parent's heart.

XIX.

Ah! who to pomp or grandeur would aspire?
 Kings are not rais'd above Misfortune's frown;
 That form so graceful even in mean attire,
 Sway'd once a scepter, once sustain'd a crown,
 From Filial rage and strife,
 To screen his closing life,
 He quits his throne, a father's sorrow feels,
 And in the lap of Want his patient head conceals.

XX.

More yet remain'd—but lo! the PENSIVE QUEEN
 Appears confess before my dazzled sight;
 Grace in her steps, and softness in her mien,
 The face of sorrow mingled with delight,
 Not such her nobler frame,
 When kindling into flame,
 And bold in Virtue's cause, her zeal aspires
 To waken guilty pangs, or breathe heroic fires.

XXI.

Aw'd into silence, my rapt soul attends—
 The Power, with eyes complacent, saw my fear;
 And, as with grace ineffable she bends,
 These accents vibrate on my listening ear.

“ Af-

"Aspiring son of art,

"Know, tho' thy feeling heart

"Glow with these wonders to thy fancy shown;

"Still may the Delian God thy powerless toils disown;

XXII.

"A thousand tender scenes of soft distress

"May swell thy breast with sympathetic woes;

"A thousand such dread forms on fancy press,

"As from my dreary realms of darkness rose;

"Whence SHAKESPEAR's chilling fears,

"Whence OTWAY's melting tears—

"That awful gloom, this melancholy plain;

"The types of every theme that suits the TRAGIC STRAIN.

XXIII.

"But dost thou worship Nature night and morn,

"And all due honour to her precepts pay?

"Canst thou the lure of Affection scorn,

"Pleas'd in the simpler paths of Truth to stray?

"Hast thou the Graces fair

"I wak'd with ardent prayer—

"'Tis they give, as Nature will impart,

"The sentiment sublime, the language of the heart,

XXIV.

"Then, if creative Genius pour his ray,

"Warm with inspiring influence on thy breast;

"Taste, judgment, fancy, if thou canst display,

"And the deep sources of Passion stand confest:

"Then may the list'ning train,

"Affected, feel thy strain;

"Feel Grief or Terror, Rage or Pity move;

"Change with the varying scenes, and every scene approve."

XXV. Hum.

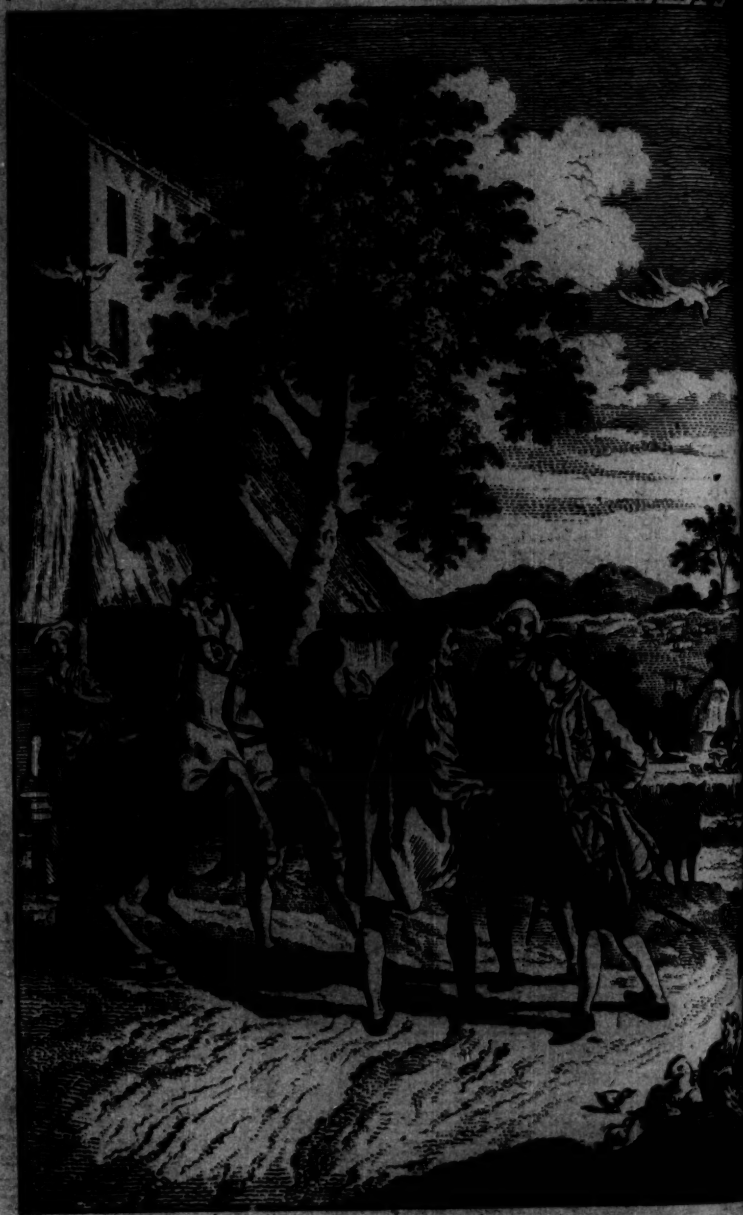
XXV.

Humbled before her sight, and bending low,
I kiss'd the borders of her crimson vest;
Eager to speak, I felt my bosom glow,
But Fear upon my lip her seal imprest.
While awe-struck thus I stood,
The bowers, the lawn, the wood,
The FORM CELESTIAL, fading on my sight,
Dissolv'd in liquid air, and fleeting gleams of light,



XXV
 Humbled before her light, and bending low,
 I kiss'd the borders of her crimson vest;
 Eager to speak, I felt my bosom glow;
 But fear upon my lip her seal impress'd.
 While yet she look'd thus, I stood, and thought
 The form that erst was living of my sigh,
 Dislodg'd in death, and feeling gleams of light





TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCE OF WALES.



PUBLIC VIRTUE
AGRICULTURE.

BRITISH PRINCE
A P O E M.

WITH THE PROFOUNDEST RESPECT

FROM THE AUTHOR



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE MOST DESIGNED

MOST OBLIGED

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT

THE AUTHOR

AGRICULTURE.



A P O E M.

TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCE OF WALES,

THIS ATTEMPT TO DELINEATE
SUCH OBJECTS OF
PUBLIC VIRTUE,
AS BEST MAY DESERVE THE ATTENTION
OF A

BRITISH PRINCE,
IS,

WITH THE PROFOUNDEST RESPECT,
MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

MOST DEVOTED,

MOST OBEDIENT,

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCE OF WALES,

THIS ATTEMPT TO DELINEATE
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BRITISH PRINCE

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WITH THE PROFOUNDEST RESPECT

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS:

MOST DEVOTED,

MOST OBEIDENT,

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR

P R E F A C E.

IF the Writer of the following Piece could hope to produce any thing in poetry, worthy the Public attention; it would give him particular pleasure to lay the foundation of his claim to such a distinction in the happy execution of this work. But he fears it will be thought, that the projected building is too great for the abilities of the architect; and that he is not furnished with a variety of materials sufficient for the proper finishing and embellishment of such a structure. And when it is farther confess'd, that he hath entered on this design without the assistances of learning, and that his time for the execution of it was either snatch'd from the hours of business, or stolen from those of rest; the mind in either case not likely to be in the happiest disposition for poetry; his prospect of success will grow still more clouded, and the presumption against him must gather additional strength.

Under these and many other disadvantages, which he feels and laments; conscious of all his deficiencies, and how unequal he is to the task of executing this plan, even up to his own ideas; what shall he plead in excuse for his temerity in persisting thus far to prosecute the attempt? All he can say is, that he hath taken some pains to furnish himself with materials for the Work; that he hath consulted men as well as books, for the knowledge of his subjects, in which he hopes he hath not been guilty of many mistakes; that it hath not been an hasty performance; nor is it

at last obtruded on the Public, without the approbations of several persons, whose judgments, were it not probable they may have received a bias from the partiality of friendship, he could have no reason to doubt. But that he may know with certainty whether this is not the case, to the Public he submits it; willing to receive from thence his determination to prosecute or suppress the remainder of his plan*. If he here receives a check, he will quietly acquiesce in the general opinion; and must submit to be included among those who have mistaken their talent. But as the difficulties he had to struggle with would in case of success have increased his reputation; he hopes if he hath fail'd they will soften his disgrace.

* The Author's original design was to have written a poem, entitled, **PUBLIC VIRTUE**, in three books, 1, Agriculture. 2, Commerce. 3, Arts. The first book was all he ever executed.

AGRI-



AGRICULTURE.

A P O E M.

CANTO THE FIRST.

A R G U M E N T.

The Proposition. Address to the PRINCE of WALES. Invocation to the Genius of Britain. Husbandry to be encouraged, as it is the source of wealth and plenty. Advice to Landlords not to oppress the Farmer. The Farmer's three great virtues. His instruments of husbandry. His servants. Description of a country statute. Episode of the fair milkmaid. The farm-yard described. The pleasures of a rural life. Address to the Great to study Agriculture. An allegory, attempting to explain the theory of Vegetation.

OF CULTURE, and the various fruits of earth;
Of social COMMERCE; of the nobler ARTS,
Which polish and adorn the life of man;
Objects demanding the supreme regard

Of that exalted Monarch, who sustains 5
 The scepter of command o'er Britain's sons ;
 The Muse, disdain'ing idle themes, attempts
 To sing. O Thou, Britannia's rising hope !
 'The favourite of her wishes ! Thou, O PRINCE,
 On whom her fondest expectations wait, 10
 Accept the verse ; and, to the humblest voice
 That sings of PUBLIC VIRTUE, lend an ear.

Genius of Britain ! Pure Intelligence !
 Guardian, appointed by the One supreme,
 With influential energy benign, 15
 To guide the weal of this distinguish'd isle ;
 O wake the breast of her aspiring son,
 Inform his numbers, aid his bold design,
 Who, in a daring flight, presumes to mark
 The glorious track her Monarchs should pursue. 20

From Cultivation, from the useful toils
 Of the laborious hind, the streams of wealth
 And plenty flow. Deign then, illustrious YOUTH !
 To bring th' observing eye, the liberal hand,
 And with a spirit congenial to Your birth, 25
 Regard his various labours thro' the year ;
 So shall the labourer smile, and You improve
 The happy Country You are born to rule.

The year declining, now hath left the fields
 Divested of their honours : the strong glebe, 30
 Exhausted, waits the culture of the plough,
 To renovate her powers. 'Tis now, intent
 On honest gain, the cautious husbandman
 Surveys the country round, solicitous

To fix his habitation on a soil 35
 Propitious to his hopes, and to his cares.

O ye, whom Fortune in her silken robe
 Enwraps benign; whom Plenty's bounteous hand
 Hath favour'd with distinction: O look down,
 With smiles indulgent, on his new designs; 40
 Assist his useful works, facilitate
 His honest aims, nor in Exaction's gripe
 Enthrall th' endeavouring swain. Think not his toils
 Were meant alone to foster you in ease
 And pamper'd indolence: nor grudge the meed, 45
 Which Heaven in mercy gives to cheer the hand,
 The labouring hand of useful Industry.
 Be yours the joy to propagate Content;
 With bounteous Heaven co-operate, and reward
 The poor man's toil, whence all your riches spring. 50
 As in a garden, the enlivening air
 Is fill'd with odours, drawn from those fair flowers
 Which by its influence rise: so in his breast
 Benevolent, who gives the swains to thrive,
 Reflected live the joys his virtues lent. 55

But come, young Farmer, tho' by Fortune fix'd
 On fields luxuriant, where the fruitful soil
 Gives Labour hope; where sheltering shades arise,
 Thick fences guard, and bubbling fountains flow;
 Where arable and pasture duly mix; 60
 Yet, ere thy toils begin, attend the Muse,
 And catch the moral lessons of her song.
 Be frugal and be blest: Frugality
 Will give thee competence; thy gains are small,
 Too small to bear Profusion's wasteful hand. 65

Make Temperance thy companion, so shall Health
 Sit on thy brow, invigorating thy frame
 To every useful work. And if to these
 Thou happily shalt join one virtue more,
 The love of Industry, the glowing joy 70
 Felt from each new improvement; then fair Peace,
 With modest Neatness, in her decent garb,
 Shall walk around thy dwelling: while the Great,
 Tir'd with the vast fatigue of Indolence,
 Fill'd with disease by Luxury and Sloth, 75
 Impatient curse the dilatory day,
 And look with envy on thy happier state,

Prepar'd with these plain virtues, now the swain
 With courage enters on his rural works.
 First he provides the needful implements. 80
 Of these, the honour'd plough claims chief regard.
 Hence bread to man, who heretofore on mast
 Fed with his fellow brute, in woods and wilds,
 Himself uncultur'd as the soil he trod.
 The spiked harrow next, to break the clods, 85
 And spread the surface of the new-plough'd field:
 Nor is the roller's friendly aid unfought.
 Hoes he provides, with various arms prepar'd,
 T' encounter all the numerous host of weeds,
 Which rise malignant, menacing his hopes. 90
 The sweeping scythe's keen edge he whets for grass,
 And turns the crooked sickle for his corn.
 The fork to spread, the gathering rake to save
 With providential care he treasures up.
 His strong capacious wain, the dull slow ox 95
 Drags on, deep loaden, grinding the rough ruts:
 While with his lighter team, the sprightly horse

Moves

Moves to the music of his tinkling bells.
 Nor will his foresight lack the whirling flail,
 Whose battering strokes force from the loosen'd sheaves
 Their hidden stores profuse; which now demand 101
 The quick rotation of the winnowing fan,
 With blasts successive, wafting far away
 The worthless chaff, to clear the golden grain.

And now compell'd to hire assistant strength, 105
 Away he hastens to some neighbouring town,
 Where willing Servitude, for mutual wants
 Of hind and farmer, holds her * annual feast.
 'Tis here the toiling hand of Industry
 Employment seeks. The skilful ploughman, lord 110
 And leader of the rustic band; who claims
 His boy attendant, conscious of his worth
 And dignity superior; boasting skill
 To guide with steadiness the sliding share,
 To scatter with an equal hand the seed, 115
 And with a master scythe to head the train
 When the ripe meadow asks the mower's hand.
 Here too the thrasher, brandishing his flail,
 Bespeaks a master, whose full barns demand
 A labouring arm, now ready to give up 120
 Their treasure, and exchange their hoarded grain
 For heaps of gold, the meed of honest toil.
 The sun-burnt shepherd too, his slouching hat
 Distinguish'd well with fleecy locks, expects
 Ohservance; skill'd in wool, and lesson'd deep 125
 In all diseases of the bleating flock.

* This is called in the country a *Scarute*; and is held annually at most market towns in England, where servants of all kinds resort in quest of places and employment.

Mixt with the rustic throng, see ruddy maids,
 Some taught with dextrous hand to twirl the wheel,
 Or stroak the swelling udder; some expert
 To raise from leaven'd wheat the kneaded loaf; 130
 To mash the malted barley, and extract
 Its flavour'd strength; or with a housewife's care,
 To keep the decent habitation neat.
 But now let loose to revelry and sport,
 In clamorous mirth, indelicate and rude, 135
 The boisterous swains, and hoyden nymphs, provoke
 Outrageous merriment.--- Yet not alike
 Is every swain, nor every sylvan maid;
 As Verulam the pleasing tale records.
 When Patty, lovely Patty, grac'd the crowd, 140
 Pride of the neighbouring plains. Who hath not heard
 Of Patty, the fair milkmaid? Beautiful
 As an Arcadian nymph, upon her brow
 Sate virgin Modesty, while in her eyes
 Young Sensibility began to play 145
 With Innocence. Her waving locks fell down
 On either side her face in careless curls,
 Shading the tender blushes in her cheek,
 Her breath was sweeter than the morning gale,
 Stolen from the rose or violet's dewy leaves. 150
 He ivory teeth appear'd in even rows,
 Thro' lips of living coral. When she spoke
 Her features wore intelligence: her words
 Were soft, with such a smile accompany'd,
 As lighted in her face resistless charms. 155
 Her polish'd neck rose rounding from her breast,
 With pleasing elegance:--- That lovely breast!--
 Ah! Fancy, dwell not there, lest gay Desire,
 Who smiling hovers o'er th' enchanting place,

Tempt

Tempt thy wild thoughts to dangerous extacy. 160
 Her shape was molded by the hand of Ease;
 Exact proportion harmoniz'd her frame;
 While Grace, following her steps, with secret art
 Stole into all her motions. Thus she walk'd
 In sweet simplicity; a snow-white pail 165
 Hung on her arm, the symbol of her skill
 In that fair province of the rural state,
 The dairy; source of more delicious bowls
 Than Bacchus from his choicest vintage boasts.

How great the power of Beauty! The rude swains 170
 Grew civil at her sight; and gaping crowds
 Wrapt in astonishment, with transport gaze,
 Whispering her praises in each other's ear.
 As when a gentle breeze, borne thro' the grove,
 With quick vibration shakes the trembling leaves, 175
 And hushing murmurs run from tree to tree;
 So ran a spreading whisper thro' the crowd.
 Young Thyrsis hearing, turn'd aside his head,
 And soon the pleasing wonder caught his eye.
 Full in the prime of youth, the joyful heir 180
 Of numerous acres, a large freehold farm,
 Thyrsis as yet from beauty felt no pain,
 Had seen no virgin he could wish to make
 His wedded partner. Now his beating heart
 Feels new emotion; now his fixed eye 185
 With fervent rapture dwelling on her charms,
 Drinks in delicious draughts of new-born Love.
 No rest the night, no peace the following day
 Brought to his struggling heart: her beauteous form,
 Her fair perfections playing on his mind, 190
 With pleasing anguish torture him. In vain

He

He strives to tear her image from his breast;
 Each little grace, each dear bewitching look,
 Returns triumphant, breaking his resolves,
 And binding all his soul a slave to Love. 195

Ah! little did he know, alas, the while,
 Poor Patty's tender heart, in mutual pain,
 Long, long for him had heav'd the secret sigh.
 For him she dress'd, for him the pleasing arts
 She study'd, and for him she wish'd to live. 200
 But her low fortunes, nursing sad despair,
 Check'd the young hope; nor durst her modest eyes
 Indulge the smallest glances of her flame,
 Lest curious Malice, like a watchful spy,
 Should catch the secret, and with taunts reveal. 205

Judge then the sweet surprize when she at length
 Beheld him, all irresolute, approach;
 And gently taking her fair trembling hand,
 Breathe these soft words into her listening ear:
 "O Patty! dearest maid! whose beauteous form 210
 "Dwells in my breast, and charms my soul to love,
 "Accept my vows; accept a faithful heart,
 "Which from this hour devotes itself to thee;
 "Wealth has no relish, life can give no joy,
 "If you forbid my hopes to call you mine. 215
 Ah! who the sudden tumult can describe
 Of struggling passions rising in her breast?
 Hope, fear, confusion, modesty, and love
 Oppress her labouring soul:—She strove to speak,
 But the faint accents dy'd upon her tongue. 220
 Her fears prevented utterance. At length—
 "Can Thyrsis mock my Poverty? Can he

"Be.

"Be so unkind! O no! Yet I, alas,
 "Too humble even to hope"—No more she said;
 But gently as if half unwilling, stole
 Her hand from his; and, with sweet modesty,
 Casting a look of diffidence and fear,
 To hide her blushes, silently withdrew.
 But Thyrsis read, with rapture in her eyes
 The language of her soul. He follow'd, woo'd,
 And won her for his wife. His lowing herds
 Soon call her mistress; soon their milky streams
 Coagulated, rise in circling piles
 Of harden'd curd; and all the daries round,
 To her sweet butter yield superior praise.

But turn, my Muse, nor let th' alluring forms
 Of Beauty lead too far thy devious steps.
 See where the Farmer, with a master's eye,
 Surveys his little kingdom, and exults
 In sov'reign independance. At a word,
 His feathery subjects in obedience flock
 Around his feeding hand, who in return
 Yield a delicious tribute to his board,
 And o'er his couch their downy plumage spread.
 The peacock here expands his eyeful plumes,
 A glittering pageant, to the mid-day sun:
 In the stiff awkwardness of foolish pride,
 The swelling turkey apes his stately step,
 And calls the bristling feathers round his head.
 There the loud herald of the morning struts
 Before his cackling dames, the passive slaves
 Of his promiscuous pleasure. O'er the pond,
 See the grey gander, with his female train,
 Bending their lofty necks; and gabbling ducks,

Rejoicing

Rejoicing on the surface clap their wings;
 Whilst whirling round, in airy wanton flights;
 The glossy pigeons chide their sportive loves;
 Or in soft cooings tell their amorous tale.
 Here stacks of hay, there pyramids of corn,
 Promise the future market large supplies.
 While with an eye of triumph he surveys
 His piles of wood, and laughs at Winter's frown.
 In silent rumination, see the kine,
 Beneath the walnut's shade, patiently wait
 To pour into his pails their milky stores.
 While pent from mischief, far from sight remov'd,
 The bristly herd, within their fatt'ning styes,
 Remind him to prepare, in many a row,
 The gaily-blooming pea, the fragrant bean,
 And broad-leav'd cabbage, for the ploughman's feast.

These his amusements, his employment these;
 Which still arising in successive change,
 Give to each vary'd hour a new delight.
 Peace and Contentment with their guardian wings
 Enclose his nightly slumbers. Rosy Health,
 When the gay lark's sweet matin wakes the morn,
 Treads in his dewy foot-steps round the field;
 And Cheerfulness attends his closing day.
 No racking jealousy, nor sullen hate,
 Nor fear, nor envy, discompose his breast.
 His only enemies the prowling fox,
 Whose nightly murders thin the bleating fold;
 The hardy badger; the rapacious kite,
 With eye malignant on the little brood,
 Sailing around portentous; the rank fote
 Thirsting, ah, savage thirst! for harmless blood;

The

The corn devouring partridge ; timorous hare ;
 Th' amphibious otter bold ; the weasel sly,
 Pilfering the yolk from its enclosing shell ;
 And moles, a dirty undermining race,
 These all his foes, and these, alas, compar'd
 With man to man, an inoffensive train.
 'Gainst these, assisted by th' entangling net,
 Th' explosive thunder of the level'd tube,
 Or toils unweary'd of his social friend
 The faithful dog, he wages rural war,
 And health and pleasure in the sportive field
 Obtaining, he forgives their venial crimes.

O happy he ! happiest of mortal men !
 Who far remov'd from slavery as from pride,
 Fears no man's frown, nor cringing waits to catch
 The gracious nothing of a great man's nod ;
 Where the lac'd beggar bustles for a bribe,
 The purchase of his honour ; where Deceit,
 And Fraud, and Circumvention, dress'd in smiles,
 Hold shameful commerce ; and beneath the mask
 Of Friendship and Sincerity, betray.
 Him, nor the stately mansion's gilded pride,
 Rich with what'er the imitative arts,
 Painting or sculpture, yield to charm the eye ;
 Nor shining heaps of massy plate, enwrought
 With curious, costly workmanship, allure.
 Tempted nor with the pride nor pomp of Power,
 Nor pageants of Ambition, nor the mines
 Of grasping Av'rice, nor the poison'd sweets
 Of pamper'd Luxury, he plants his foot
 With firmness on his old paternal fields,
 And stands unshaken. There sweet prospects rise
 Of meadows smiling in their flow'ry pride.

Green

Green hills and dales, and cottages embower'd,
 The scenes of innocence and calm delight;
 There the wild melody of warbling birds,
 And cool refreshing groves, and murmuring springs,
 Invite to sacred thought, and lift the mind
 From low pursuits, to meditate the God! 335

Turn then at length, O turn, ye sons of Wealth,
 And ye who seek, thro' Life's bewildering maze,
 To tread the paths of Happiness, O turn!
 And trace her footsteps in the rural walk;
 In those fair scenes of wonder and delight, 330
 Where, to the human eye, Omnipotence
 Unfolds the map of Nature, and displays
 The matchless beauty of created things.
 Turn to the arts, the useful pleasing arts
 Of Cultivation; and those fields improve 335
 Your erring fathers have too long despis'd.
 Leave not to ignorance, and low-bred hinds,
 That noblest science, which in ancient time
 The minds of sages and of kings employ'd,
 Sollicitous to learn the ways of God, 340
 And read his works in AGRICULTURE's school.

Then hear the Muse, now entering, hand in hand
 With sweet Philosophy, the secret bowers
 Of deep mysterious Nature; there t' explore
 The causes of Fecundity, and how 345
 The various Elements, Earth, Water, Air,
 And Fire united; the enlivening ray
 Diurnal; the prolific dews of Night;
 With all the rolling Seasons of the year;
 In Vegetation's work their power combine. 350
 Whither,

Whither, O whither, dost thou lead my steps,
 Divine Philosophy? What scenes are these;
 Which strike my wondering senses? Lo! enthron'd
 Upon a solid rock great Nature sits;
 Her eyes to heaven directed, as from thence
 Receiving inspiration. Round her head
 A mingled wreath of fruits and flowers entwines.
 Her robe, with every motion changing hue,
 Flows down in plenteous foldings, and conceals
 Her secret footsteps from the eyes of men.
 Lift! lift! what harmony, what heavenly sounds
 Enchant my ravish'd ear? 'Tis ancient Pan,
 Who on his seven-fold pipe, to the rapt soul
 Conveys the fancy'd music of the spheres.
 See by his strains the Elements inspir'd,
 Join in mysterious work; their motions led
 By † active Fire, in windings intricate,
 But not perplex'd, nor vague. And who are They?
 What Pair obeying in alternate rounds
 The tuneful melody? Majestic one,
 And grave, lifting her awful forehead, moves
 In shadowy silence, borne on raven wings,
 Which, waving to the measur'd sounds, beat time.
 A veil obscures her face; a sable stole,
 Bedeck'd with sparkling gems, conceals her form;

* Mythologists have thought the universal nature of things to be
 signify'd by this god; and that his pipe, compos'd of seven reeds, was
 the symbol of the seven planets, which they say make the harmony
 of the spheres.

† According to Dr. Boerhave and other modern philosophers, all the
 motion in nature arises from fire; and taking that away, all things
 would become fixt and immovable: fluids would become solid; a man
 would harden into a statue; and the very air would cohere into a firm
 and rigid mass.

And

And wreaths of bending poppy crown her brow;
 The other, rais'd on swan-like spreading plumes;
 Glides gaily on; a milk-white robe invests
 His frame transparent; in his azure eyes
 Dwells brightness; while around his radiant head;
 A shining glory paints his flying robe,
 With all the colours of the watry bow.

Proceeding now, in more majestic steps,
 The varying Seasons join the mystic train.
 In all the blooming hues of florid youth;
 Gay Spring advances smiling: on her head
 A flow'ry chaplet, mixt with verdant buds,
 Sheds aromatic fragrance thro' the air;
 While little Zephyrs, breathing wanton gales,
 Before her flutter, turning back to gaze,
 With looks enamour'd, on her lovely face.
 Summer succeeds, crown'd with the bearded ears
 Of ripening Harvest; in her hand she bears
 A shining sickle; on her glowing cheek
 The fervent heat paints deep a rosy blush:
 Her thin light garment, waving with the wind,
 Flows loosely from her bosom, and reveals
 To the pleas'd eye the beauties of her form.
 Then follows Autumn, bearing in her lap
 The blushing fruits, which Summer's sultry breath
 Had mellow'd to her hand. A clustering wreath
 Of purple grapes, half hid with spreading leaves,
 Adorns her brow. Her dew-besprinkled locks
 Begin to fall, her bending shoulders sink,
 And active vigour leaves her sober steps.
 Winter creeps on, shrivel'd with chilling cold;
 Bald his white crown, upon his silver beard

Shines

LcA

Shines the hoar frost, and isicles depend.
 Rigid and stern his melancholy face;
 Shivering he walks, his joints benumn'd and stiff; 410
 And wraps in northern furs his wither'd trunk.

And now, great Nature pointing to the train
 Her Heaven-directed hand, they all combine,
 In measur'd figures, and mysterious rounds,
 To weave the mazy dance; while to the sound 415
 Of Pan's immortal pipe, the Goddess join'd
 Her voice harmonious; and the listening Muse,
 Admiring, caught the wonders of her * Theme.

" To GOD, Supreme CREATOR ! great and good !
 " All-wise, almighty Parent of the World ! 420
 " In choral Symphonies of Praise and Love,
 " Let all the Powers of Nature raise the Song !

* The watry signs forsaking, see, the Sun,
 * Great Father of the vegetable tribes,
 * Darts from the Ram his all-enlivening ray. 425
 * When now the genial warmth Earth's yielding breast
 * Unfolds, Her latent salts, sulphureous oils,
 * And Air, and Water mixt; attract, repel,
 * And raise prolific ferment. Lo ! at length
 * The vital Principle begins to wake : 430
 * Th' emulgent fibres, stretching round the root,
 * Seek their terrestrial nurture ; which, convey'd
 * In limpid currents thro' th' ascending tubes,
 * And strain'd and filter'd in their secret cells ;

* The philosophy of this hymn is built on that experimental foundation, laid by the learned and ingenious Dr. Hales, in his *Vegetable Statics*.

- ' To its own nature every different plant 435
 ' Assimilating, changes. Aweful Heaven!
 ' How wond'rous is thy work! To Thee! to thee!
 ' Mysterious Power belongs! Summer's fierce heat
 ' Encreasing, rarifies the ductile juice.
 ' See, from the root, and from the bark imbib'd, 440
 ' Th' elastic Air impels the rising sap.
 ' Swift thro' the stem, thro' every branching arm,
 ' And smaller shoot, the vivid moisture flows,
 ' Protruding from their buds the opening leaves:
 ' Whence, as ordain'd, th' expiring Air flows out 445
 ' In copious exhalations; and from whence
 ' Its noblest principles the plant inhales.
 ' See! see! the shooting verdure spreads around!
 ' Ye sons of men, with rapture view the scene!
 ' On hill and dale, on meadow, field, and grove, 450
 ' Cloath'd in soft mingling shades from light to dark,
 ' The wandering eye delighted roves untir'd.
 ' The hawthorn's whitening bush, Pomona's blooms,
 ' And Flora's pencil o'er th' enamell'd green,
 ' The varying scenes enrich. Hence every gale 455
 ' Breathes odours, every Zephyr from his wings
 ' Wasting new fragrance; borne from trees, from shrubs,
 ' Borne from the yellow cowslip, violet blue,
 ' From deep carnations, from the blushing rose,
 ' From every flower and aromatic herb 460
 ' In grateful mixtures. Hence ambrosial fruits
 ' Yield their delicious flavours. The sweet grape,
 ' The mulberry's cooling juice, the luscious plumb,
 ' The healthful apple, the dissolving peach,
 ' And thy rich nectar many-flavour'd pine, 465
 ' These are the gracious gifts, O favour'd man!

These

Canto I. AGRICULTURE. 115

' These, these, to thee the gracious gifts of heav'n,
' A world of beauty, wonder, and delight!

" To God, Supreme CREATOR! great and good!

" All-wise, almighty Parent of the World! 470

" In choral Symphonies of Praise and Love,

" Let all the Powers of Nature close the Strain.

A P O E M.

CANTO THE SECOND.

A R G U M E N T.

Of human life, and human nature, the Poet speaks
in general terms, and in particular of the human mind,
and of the human body, and of the human soul,
and of the human spirit, and of the human heart,
and of the human will, and of the human power,
and of the human reason, and of the human wisdom,
and of the human knowledge, and of the human love,

Descending now from their lofty throne,
O Man, in lower language teach the world
The hidden properties of every thing,
And what the different Colours and degrees
Of Nature's life, to land, or town, or clay,
Reduct all the varying soils, which clothe
The bosom of this earth with beauty, and
With green, and gold, and silver, and with red,



AGRICULTURE.

A P O E M.

CANTO THE SECOND.

A R G U M E N T.

Of different soils, and their culture, Mr. Tull's principles and practice. Of the principles and practice of the Middlesex gardeners. Of various manures, and other methods of improving lands. Of hedging and ditching. Of planting timber trees. Of draining wet, and flooding dry lands. Of gardening, and the gardens of Epicurus.

DESCENDING now from these superior themes,
O Muse, in notes familiar, teach the swain
The hidden properties of every glebe,
And what the different Culture each requires,
The Naturalist, to sand, or loam, or clay,
Reduces all the varying soils, which cloathe
The bosom of this earth with beauty. Sand,
Hot, open, loose, admits the genial ray

5
With

Canto II. AGRICULTURE.

117

With freedom, and with greediness imbibes
The falling moisture : hence the embryo seeds, 10
Lodg'd in its fiery womb, push into life
With early haste, and hurry'd to their prime,
(Their vital juices spent) too soon decay.
Correct this error of the ardent soil,
With cool manure : let stiff cohesive clay 15
Give the loose glebe consistence, and firm strength :
So shall thy labouring steers, when harvest calls,
Bending their patient shoulders to the yoke,
Drag home in copious loads the yellow grain.

Has Fortune fix'd thy lot to toil in clay ? 20
Despair not, nor repine : the stubborn soil
Shall yield to Cultivation, and reward
The hand of Diligence. Here give the plough
No rest. Break, pound the clods, and with warm dungs
Relieve the sterile coldness of the ground, 25
Chill'd with obstructed water. Add to these
The sharpest sand, to open and unbind
The close-cohering mass ; so shall new pores
Admit the solar beam's enlivening heat,
The nitrous particles of air receive, 30
And yield a passage to the soaking rain.
Hence fermentation, hence prolific power,
And hence the fibrous roots, in quest of food,
Find unobstructed entrance, room to spread,
And richer juices feed the swelling shoots : 35
So the strong field shall to the reaper's hand
Produce a plenteous crop of waving wheat.

But blest with ease, in plenty shall he live,
Whom Heav'n's kind hand, indulgent to his wish,
I 3 Hath

Hath plac'd upon a loamy soil. He views 40
 All products of the teeming earth arise
 In plenteous crops, nor scarce the needful aid
 Of Culture deigns to ask. Him, nor the fears
 Of scorching heat, nor deluges of rain
 Alarm. His kindly fields sustain all change 45
 Of seasons, and support a healthy seed,
 In vigour thro' the perils of the year.

But new improvements curious would'st thou learn?
 Hear then the lore of fair *Berkeria's* † Son,
 Whose precepts, drawn from sage experience, claim 50
 Regard. The pasture, and the food of plants,
 First let the young Agricolist be taught:
 Then how to sow, and raise the embryo seeds
 Of every different species. Nitre, Fire,
 Air, Water, Earth, their various powers combine 55
 In Vegetation; but the genuine food
 Of every plant is earth: hence their increase,
 Their strength, and substance. Nitre first prepares
 And separates the concreted parts; which then
 The watry vehicle assumes, and thro' 60
 Th' ascending tubes, impell'd by subtil air,
 Which gives it motion, and that motion heat,
 The fine terrestrial aliment conveys.

Is earth the food of plants? their pasture then
 Is earth's inverted surface. This the swain, 65
 By ceaseless tillage, or the use of dung,
 Must or ferment, or pulverize, to fit

† The late Mr. Tull, of Shalborne in Berkshire, in his *Horse-hoeing Husbandry*; or an *Essay on the Principles of Vegetation and Tillage*.

For due reception of the fibrous roots :
 But from the streams of ordure, from the stench
 Of putrefaction, from stercoreous fumes 70
 Of rottenness and filth, can sweetness spring?
 Or grateful, or salubrious food to man?
 As well might virgin innocence preserve
 Her purity from taint, amid the stews.
 Defile not then the freshness of thy field 75
 With dung's polluting touch; but let the plough,
 The hoe, the harrow, and the roller, lend
 Their better powers, to fructify the soil;
 Turn it to catch the sun's prolific ray,
 Th' enlivening breath of air, the genial dews, 80
 And every influence of indulgent heaven.
 These shall enrich and fertilize the glebe,
 And Toil's unceasing hand full well supply
 The dunghill's sordid and extraneous aid.

Thus taught the *Shalborne* Swain; who first with skill
 Led through the fields the many-coulter'd plough; 6
 Who first his seed committed to the ground.
 Shed from the drill by slow revolving wheels,
 In just proportion and in even rows;
 Leaving 'twixt each a spacious interval, 90
 To introduce with ease, while yet the grain
 Expanding crown'd the intermediate ridge,
 His * new machine; form'd to exterminate
 The weedy race, (intruders who devour,
 But nothing pay) to pulverize the soil, 95
 Enlarge and change the pasture of the roots,
 And to its last perfection raise the crop.
 He taught, alas, but practis'd ill the lore

* The hoe-plough.

Of his own precepts, Fell Disease, or Sloth
 Relax'd the hand of industry: his Farm, 100
 His own philosophy disgracing, brought
 Discredit on the doctrines he enforc'd.

Then banish from thy fields the loiterer Sloth;
 Nor listen to the voice of thoughtless Ease.
 Him sordidness and penury surround, 105
 Beneath whose lazy hand the farm runs wild;
 Whose heart nor feels the joy improvement gives
 Nor leaden eye the beauties that arise
 From labour, seers. Accumulated filth
 Annoys his crowded steps; even at his door 110
 A yellow mucus from the dunghill stands
 In squalid pools; his buildings unrepair'd,
 To ruin rush precipitate; his fields
 Disorder governs, and licentious weeds
 Spring up uncheck'd: the nettle and the dock, 115
 Wormwood and thistles, in their seasons rise,
 And deadly nightshade spreads his poison round.
 Ah! wretched he! if chance his wandering child,
 By hunger prompted, pluck th' alluring fruit!
 Benumbing stupor creeps upon his brain; 120
 Wild grinning laughter soon to this succeeds;
 Strange madness then, and death in hideous form,
 Mysterious Providence! ah, why conceal'd
 In such a tempting form, should poisons lurk;
 Ah, why so near the path of innocents, 125
 Should spring their bane? But Thou alone art wise.

Thus hath the faithful Muse his lore pursu'd,
 Who, trusting to the Culture of his plough,
 Refus'd the dunghill's aid. Yet listen not

To

Canto II. AGRICULTURE. 121

To doubtful precepts, with implicit faith : 130
 Experience to experience oft oppos'd,
 Leaves truth uncertain. See, what various crops,
 In quick succession, crown the garden'd fields
 On Thame's prolific bank. On Culture's hand
 Alone, do these Horticulturists rely ? 135
 Or do they owe to London's rich manure
 Those products which its crowded markets fill ?
 Both lend their aid : and both with art improv'd,
 Have spread the glory of their garden's wide,
 A theme of wonder to the distant swain. 140
 Hence the piazza'd * square, where erst, embower'd
 In solemn sloth, good Martin's lazy monks
 Dron'd out their useless lives in pamper'd ease ;
 Now boasts, from Industry's rough hand supply'd,
 Each various esculent the teeming earth 145
 In every changing season can produce.

Join then with Culture the prolific strength
 Of such manure as best inclines to aid
 Thy failing glebe. Let oily marle impart.
 Its unctuous moisture, or the crumbling † tan 150
 Its glowing heat. Not from the gazing herds,
 Nor bristly swine obscene, disdain to heap
 Their cooling ordure. Nor the warmer dungs
 Of fiery pigeons, of the stabled horse,
 Or folded flock, neglect. From sprinkled soot, 155

* Covent Garden, which is now a market for greens, roots, &c. was formerly a garden belonging to the monks of St. Martin's convent.

† The bark of oak, after it hath been used by the tanner. It is frequently made use of for hot-beds, particularly for raising pine-apples; and is called by the gardeners, *Tan*.

From

From ashes strew'd around, let the damp soil
 Their nit'rous salts imbibe. Scour the deep ditch
 From its black sediment; and from the street
 Its trampled mixtures rake. Green standing pools,
 Large lakes, or meadows rank, in rotted heaps
 Of* unripe weeds, afford a cool manure.
 From Ocean's verge, if not too far remov'd,
 Its shelly sands convey a warm compost,
 From land and wave commixt, with richness fraught:
 This the sour glebe shall sweeten, and for years,
 Thro' chilly clay, its vigorous heat shall glow.
 But if nor oily marle, nor crumbling tan,
 Nor dung of cattle, nor the trampled street,
 Nor weed, nor Ocean's sand, can lend its aid;
 Then, Farmer, raise immediate from their seeds,
 The juicy stalks of largely-spreading pulse,
 Beans, buck-wheat, spurry, or the climbing vetch;
 These early reapt, and bury'd in the soil,
 Enrich the parent womb from whence they sprung.
 Or sow the bulbous turnep; this shall yield
 Sweet pasture to the flocks, or lowing herds,
 And well prepare thy land for future crops.

Yet not alone to raise, but to secure
 Thy products from invasion, and divide
 For various use th'appropriated fields,
 Disdain not thou to learn. For this, the sloe,
 The furze, the holly, to thy hand present
 Their branches, and their different merits boast.
 But from the nurs'ry thou with care select

* If weeds are suffer'd to stand till they are ripe before they are made this use of, their seeds will fill the ground, and it will be difficult to get them out again.

Quick hawthorn setts, well rooted, smooth and strait :
 Then low as sinks thy ditch on either side, 186
 Let rise in height the sloping bank : there plant
 Thy future fence, at intervals a foot
 From each to each, in beds of richest mold,
 Nor ends the labour here ; but to defend 190
 Thy infant shoots from depredation deep,
 At proper distance drive stiff oaken stakes ;
 Which interwove with boughs and flexile twigs,
 Frustrate the nibbling flock, or brouzing herd.
 Thus, if from weeds, that rob them of their food, 195
 Or choak, by covering from the vital air,
 The hoe's neat culture keep thy thickening shoots,
 Soon shall they rise, and to thy field afford
 A beauteous, strong, impenetrable fence.
 The linnet, goldfinch, nightingale, and thrush, 200
 Here, by security invited, build
 Their little nests, and all thy labours cheer
 With melody ; the hand of lovely May
 Here strews her sweetest blossoms ; and if mixt
 With flocks of knotted crab, ingrafted fruits, 205
 When Autumn crowns the year, shall smile around.

But from low shrubs, if thy ambition rise
 To cultivate the larger tree, attend.

From seeds, or suckers, layers, or setts, arise
 Their various tribes ; for now exploded stands 210
 The vulgar fable of spontaneous birth,
 To plant or animal. He then, who, pleas'd,
 In Fancy's eye beholds his future race
 Rejoicing in the shades their grandfire gave ;
 Or he whose patriot views extend to raise, 215
 In

In distant ages, Britain's naval power ;
 Must first prepare, inclining to the south,
 A shelter'd nursery ; well from weeds, from shrubs,
 Clear'd by the previous culture of the plough,
 From cattle fenc'd, and every peeling tooth, 220
 Then from the summit of the fairest tree
 His seed selected ripe, and sow'd in rills
 On Nature's fruitful lap : the harrow's care
 Indulgent covers from keen frosts that pierce
 Or vermin who devour. The wintry months 225
 In embryo close the future forest lies,
 And waits for germination : but in spring,
 When their green heads first rise above the earth,
 And ask thy fostering hand ; then to their roots
 The light soil gently move, and strew around 230
 Old leaves, or litter'd straw, to screen from heat
 The tender infants. Leave not to vile weeds
 This friendly office ; whose false kindness choaks,
 Or starves the nurslings they pretend to shade.

When now four summers have beheld their youth 235
 Attended in the nursery, then transplant,
 The soil prepar'd, to where thy future grove
 Is destin'd to uprear its leafy head.
 Avoid the error of impatience. He
 Who, eager to enjoy the cooling shade 240
 His hands shall raise, removes at vast expence
 Tall trees ; with envy and regret shall see
 His neighbour's infant plants soon, soon outstrip
 The tardy loiterers of his dwindling copse.

But if thy emulation's generous pride 245
 Would boast the largest timber strait and strong !
 Thick let the seedling in their native beds

Stand

Stand unremov'd ; so shall each lateral branch,
 Obstructed, send its nourishment to raise
 The towering stem : and they whose vigorous health 250
 Exalts above the rest their lofty heads,
 Aspiring still, shall spread their powerful arms,
 While the weak puny race, obscur'd below,
 Sickening, die off, and leave their victors room.

Nor small the praise the skilful Planter claims 255
 From his befriended country. Various Arts
 Borrow from him materials. The soft Beech,
 And close-grain'd Box, employ the turner's wheel,
 And with a thousand implements supply
 Mechanic skill. Their beauteous veins the Yew 260
 And Phyllerea lend, to surface o'er
 The cabinet. Smooth Linden best obeys
 The carver's chissel ; best his curious work
 Displays in all its nicest touches, Birch---
 Ah, why should Birch supply the chair ? since oft 265
 Its cruel twigs compel the smarting youth
 To dread the hateful seat. Tough-bending Ash
 Gives to the humble swain his useful plough,
 And for the peer his prouder chariot builds,
 To weave our baskets the soft Osier lends 270
 His pliant twigs : Staves that nor shrink nor swell,
 The cooper's close-wrought cask to Chestnut owes.
 The sweet-leav'd Walnut's undulated grain,
 Polish'd with care, adds to the workman's art
 Its varying beauties. The tall towering Elm, 275
 Scoop'd into hollow tubes, in secret streams
 Conveys for many a mile the limpid wave ;
 Or from its height when humbled to the ground,
 Conveys the pride of mortal man to dust.

. And

And last the Oak, king of Britannia's woods, 230
 And guardian of her isle ! whose sons robust,
 The best supporters of incumbent weight,
 Their beams and pillars to the builder give,
 Of strength immense : or in the bounding deep
 The loose foundations lay of floating walls, 235
 Impregnable secure. But sunk, but fallen
 From all your ancient grandeur, O ye groves !
 Beneath whose lofty venerable boughs
 The Druid erst his solemn-rites perform'd,
 And taught to distant realms his sacred lore, 290
 Where are your beauties fled ? where but to serve
 Your thankless country, who unblushing sees
 Her naked forests longing for your shade.

The task, the glorious task, for Thee remains,
 O PRINCE below'd ! for Thee, more nobly born 295
 Than for Thyself alone, the patriot work
 Yet unattempted waits. O let not pass
 The fair occasion to remotest time
 Thy name with praise, with honour to transmit !
 So shall Thy country's rising fleets, to Thee 300
 Owe future triumphs ; so her naval strength,
 Supported from within, shall fix Thy claim
 To Ocean's sovereignty ; and to Thy ports,
 In every climate of the peopled earth,
 Bear Commerce ; fearless, unresisted, safe. 305
 Let then the great ambition fire Thy breast,
 For this, Thy native land ; Replace the lost
 Inhabitants of her deserted plains.
 Let Thame once more on Windsor's lofty hills
 Survey young forests planted by Thy hand. 310
 Let fair Sabrina's flood again behold

The

The * Spaniard's terror rise renew'd. And Trent,
From Sherwood's ample plains, with pride convey
The bulwarks of her country to the main.

O native Sherwood ! happy were thy bard, 315
Might these his rural notes, to future time
Boast of tall groves, that, nodding o'er thy plain,
Rose to their tuneful melody. But, ah !
Beneath the feeble efforts of a Muse
Untutor'd by the lore of Greece or Rome ; 320
A stranger to the fair Castalian springs,
Whence happier poets inspiration draw,
And the sweet magic of persuasive song,
The weak presumption, the fond hope expires,
Yet sure some sacred impulse stirs my breast ! 325
I feel, I feel, an heavenly guest within !
And all-obedient to the ruling God,
The pleasing task which he inspires, pursue.

And hence, disdaining low and trivial things ;
Why should I tell of him whose obvious art, 330
To drain the low damp meadow, sloping sinks
A hollow trench, which arch'd at half its depth,
Cover'd with silencing brush-wood, furze or broom,
And surfac'd o'er with earth ; in secret streams
Draws its collected moisture from the glebe ? 335
Or why of him, who o'er his sandy fields,
Too dry to bear the sun's meridian beam,
Calls from the neighbouring hills obsequious springs,

* The officers on board the Spanish fleet in 1588, called the Invincible Armada, had it in their orders, if they could not subdue the island, at least to destroy the forest of Dean, which is in the neighbourhood of the river Severn.

Which

Which led in winding currents thro' the mead,
 Cool the hot soil, refresh the thirsty plain, 340
 While wither'd plants reviving smile around?
 But sing, O Muse! the swain, the happy swain,
 Whom Taste and Nature leading o'er his fields,
 Conduct to every rural beauty. See!
 Before his footsteps winds the waving walk, 345
 Here gently rising, there descending slow
 Thro' the tall grove, or near the water's brink,
 Where flowers besprinkled paint the shelving bank,
 And weeping willows bend, to kiss the stream.
 Now wandering o'er the lawn he roves, and now 350
 Beneath the hawthorn's secret shade reclines:
 Where purple violets hang their bashful heads,
 Where yellow cowslips, and the blushing pink,
 Their mingled sweets, and lovely hues combine.

Here, shelter'd from the north, his ripening fruits 355
 Display their sweet temptations from the wall,
 Or from the gay espalier: while below,
 His various esculents, from glowing beds,
 Give the fair promise of delicious feasts,

There from his forming hand new scenes arise, 360
 The fair creation of his Fancy's eye,
 Lo! bosom'd in the solemn shady grove,
 Whose reverend branches wave on yonder hill,
 He views the moss-grown temple's ruin'd tower,
 Cover'd with creeping ivy's cluster'd leaves; 365
 The mansion seeming of some rural God,
 Whom Nature's choristers, in untaught hymns
 Of wild yet sweetest harmony, adore.
 From the bold brow of that aspiring steep,

Where

Where hang the hobbling flocks, and view below 370
 Their downward shadows in the glassy wave,
 What pleasing landscapes spread before his eye!
 Of scatter'd villages, and winding streams,
 And meadows green, and woods, and distant spires,
 Seeming, above the blue horizon's bound, 375
 To prop the canopy of heaven. Now lost
 Amidst a glooming wilderness of shrubs,
 The golden Orange, Arbuté ever green,
 The early-blooming Almond, feathery Pine,
 Fair * Opulus, to Spring, to Autumn dear, 380
 And the sweet shades of varying verdure, caught
 From soft Acacia's gently-waving branch,
 Heedless he wanders: while the grateful scents
 Of Sweet-briar, Roses, Honeyuckles wild,
 Regale the smelly, and to th' enchanted eye 385
 Mezeron's purple, Laurustinus' white,
 And pale Laburnum's pendent flowers display
 Their different beauties. O'er the smooth-shorn grass
 His lingering footsteps leisurely proceed,
 In meditation deep:—When, hark! the sound 390
 Of distant water steals upon his ear,
 And sudden opens to his pausing eye
 The rapid rough cascade, from the rude rock
 Down dashing in a stream of lucid foam:
 Then glides away, meandering o'er the lawn, 395
 A liquid surface, shining seen afar,
 At intervals, beneath the shadowy trees,
 Till lost and bury'd in the distant grove.
 Wrapt into sacred musing, he reclines
 Beneath the covert of embowering shades; 400

* The Gadder Rose.

And, painting to his mind the bustling scenes
Of Pride and bold Ambition, plies Kings.

Genius of Gardens! Nature's fairest Child!
Thou who, inspir'd by the Directing Mind
Of Heaven, didst plan the scenes of paradise! 405
Thou at whose bidding rose th' Hesperian bowers
Of ancient fame, the fair Aonian mount,
Castalian springs, and all th' enchanting groves
Of Tempe's vale: O where hast thou been hid?
For ages where have stray'd thy steps unknown? 410
Welcome at length, thrice welcome to the shore
Of Britain's beautiful isle; where verdant plains,
Where hills and dales, and woods and waters join
To aid thy pencil, favour thy designs,
And give thy varying landscapes every charm. 415
Drive then * Batefists monster from our shades;
Nor let unhallow'd shafts profane the form,
Which Heaven's own hand, with symmetry divine,
Hath given to all the vegetable tribes.
Banish the regular deformity 420
Of plans by line and compass, rules abhor'd
In Nature's free plantations; and restore
Its pleasing wildness to the garden walk;
The calm serene retreats of thoughtful man;
In Meditation's silent sacred hour. 425

And lo! the progress of thy steps appears
In fair improvements scatter'd round the land,
Earliest in Chiswick's beautiful model seen:
There thy first favourite, in the happy shade

* The taste for straight lines, regular platforms, and elipt trees, was imported from Holland at the Revolution.

To Nature introduc'd, the Goddess woo'd, 430
 And in sweet rapture there enjoy'd her charms,
 In Richmond's venerable woods and wilds,
 The calm retreat, where weary'd Majesty,
 Unbending from his cares for Britain's Peace,
 Steals a few moments to indulge his own. 435
 On Oatland's brow, where Grandeur sits enthron'd,
 Smiling on Beauty. In the lovely vale
 Of Esther, where the mole glides lingering, loth
 To leave such scenes of sweet simplicity.
 In * Woburn's ornamented fields, where gay 440
 Variety, where mingled lights and shades,
 Where lawns and groves, and opening prospects break,
 With sweet surprise, upon the wandering eye,
 On Hagley's hills, irregular and wild,
 Where thro' romantic scenes of hanging woods, 445
 And vallies green, and rocks, and hollow dales,
 While Echo talks, and Nymphs and Dryads play,
 Thou rov'st enamour'd; leading by the hand
 Its Master, who, inspir'd with all thy Art,
 Adds beauties to what Nature plan'd so fair. 450

Hail sweet Retirement! Wisdom's peaceful seat!
 Where lifted from the crowd, and calmly plac'd
 Beyond the deafening roar of human strife,
 Th' Athenian sage his happy followers taught,
 That Pleasure sprang from Virtue. Gracious Heaven!
 How worthy thy divine beneficence, 455
 This fair establish'd truth! ye blissful bowers,

* Mr. Southcott's

† Epicurus; who on account of teaching in his garden, was call'd the
 Garden Philosopher; and his disciples, the Philosophers of the Garden.

Ye vocal groves whose echoes caught his lore,
 O might I hear, hark! Time's long tract convey'd,
 The moral lessons taught beneath your shades! 466
 And lo, transported to the sacred scenes,
 Such the divine enchantment of the Muse,
 I see the sage; I hear, I hear his voice.
 "The end of life is Happiness; the means
 "That end to gain, fair Virtue gives alone. 465
 "From the vain phantoms of delusive *Fear*,
 "Or strong *Desire*'s intemperance, spring the woes
 "Which human life embitter. Oh, my sons,
 "From Error's darkening clouds, from groundless *Fear*
 "Enteebling all her powers, with early skill, 470
 "Clear the bewild'ring mind. Let *Fortitude*
 "Establish in your breasts her steadfast throne;
 "So shall the stings of Evil fix no wound:
 "Nor dread of poverty, nor pain, nor grief,
 "Nor his *Reveries*, nor the fear of death, 475
 "Shake *any* purpose of your steady souls.
 "The golden curb of *Temperance* next prepare,
 "To rein th' impetuous sallies of *Desire*.
 "He who the kindling sparks of Anger checks,
 "Shall ne'er with fruitless tears in vain lament 480
 "Its flame's destructive rage. Who from the vale
 "Ambition's dangerous pinnacle surveys;
 "Safe from the blast which shakes the towering pile,
 "Enjoys secure repose, nor dreads the storm
 "When public clamours rise. Who cautious turns 485
 "From lewd Temptation smiling in the eye
 "Of Wantonness, hath burst the golden bands
 "Of future Anguish; hath redeem'd his frame
 "From early feebleness, and dire disease.
 "Who lets the griping hand of Avarice pinch 490

"To

Canto II. AGRICULTURE. 133

" To narrow selfishness the social heart;
 " Excludes fair Friendship, Charity, and Love,
 " From their divine exertions in his breast.
 " And see, my friends, this Garden's little bound,
 " So small the wants of Nature, well supplies 495
 " Our board with plenty; roots, or wholesome pulse,
 " Or herbs, or flavour'd fruits: and from the stream
 " The hand of Moderation fills a cup,
 " To thirst delicious. Hence nor fevers rise,
 " Nor surfeits, nor the boiling blood, inflam'd 500
 " With turbid violence, the veins distends.
 " Hear then, and weigh the moment of my words.
 " Who thus the sensual appetites restrain, A C
 " Enjoy the * heavenly Venus of these shades,
 " Celestial Pleasure; tranquil and secure, 505
 " From Pain, Disease, and anxious Troubles free.

* He plac'd in his garden a statue of the *Venus Celestis*, which probably
 he might intend should be symbolical of his Doctrine.



“And see, my friends, this Garden’s little bound,
From their divine exertions in his bound.”

AGRICULTURE.

“Of herbs, or flowers, I think, will from the stream
The hand of Moderation fill a cup.”

A POEM.

“To think, however, Hence no longer
Nor future, nor the boiling blood, inflaming
Which would inflame, the veins and nerves
How then, and with the moment of my words.”

CANTO THE THIRD.

“Know the heavenly Visions of these shades,
Celestial Pleasures, tranquil and secure.”

ARGUMENT.

*Of hay-making. A method of preserving hay from being
mow-burnt, or taking fire. Of harvest, and the harvest-
home. The praises of England with regard to its various
products. Apples. Hops. Hemp. Flax. Coals. Ful-
ler’s-earth. Stone. Lead. Tin. Iron. Dyer’s Herbs.
Esculents. Medicinals. Transitions from the cultivation
of the earth to the care of sheep, cattle and horses. Of
feeding sheep. Of their diseases. Sheep-shearing. Of im-
proving the breed. Of the dairy and its products. Of
horses. The draught-horse---road-horse---hunter---race-
horse---and war-horse. Concluding with an address to the
PRINCE to prefer the arts of Peace to those of War.*

While thus at ease, beneath embellish’d shades,
We rove delighted; lo! the ripening mead
Calls forth the labouring hinds. In slanting rows,
With still-approaching step, and level’d stroke

The early mower, bending o'er his scythe,
 Lays low the slender grass; emblem of Man,
 Falling beneath the ruthless hand of Time.
 Then follows blithe, equipt with fork and rake,
 In light array, the train of nymphs and swains.
 Wide o'er the field, their labour seeming sport,
 They toss the withering herbage. Light it flies,
 Borne on the wings of Zephyr; whose soft gale,
 Now while th' ascending sun's bright beam exhales
 The grateful sweetness of the new-mown hay,
 Breathing refreshment, fans the toiling swain.
 And soon, the jocund dale and echoing hill
 Resound with merriment. The simple jest,
 The village tale of scandal, and the taunts
 Of rude unpolish'd wit, raise sudden bursts
 Of laughter from beneath the spreading oak,
 Where thrown at ease, and shelter'd from the sun,
 The plain repast, and wholesome bev'rage cheer
 Their spirits. Light as air they spring, renew'd,
 To social labour: soon the ponderous wain
 Moves slowly onwards with its fragrant load,
 And swells the barn capacious: or, to crown
 Their toil, large tapering pyramids they build,
 The magazines of Plenty, to ensure
 From Winter's want the flocks, and lowing herds.

But do the threatening clouds precipitate
 Thy work, and hurry to the field thy team,
 Ere the sun's heat, or penetrating wind,
 Hath drawn its moisture from the fading grass?
 Or hath the hurrying shower thy labours drench'd
 With sudden inundation? Ah, with care
 Accumulate thy load, or in the mow,

Or on the rising rick. The smother'd damps,
 Fermenting, glow within; and latent sparks
 At length ingender'd, kindle by degrees,
 Till, wide and wider spreading, they admit 40
 The fatal blast, which instantly consumes,
 In flames resistless, thy collected store.
 This dire disaster to avoid, prepare
 A hollow basket, or the concave round
 Of some capacious vessel; to its sides 45
 Affix a triple cord: then let the swains,
 Full in the center of thy purpos'd heap,
 Place the obtrusive barrier, raising still
 As they advance, by its united bands,
 The wide machine. Thus leaving in the midst 50
 An empty space, the cooling air draws in,
 And from the flame, or from offensive taints
 Pernicious to thy cattle, saves their food.

And now the ruler of the golden day,
 From the fierce Lion glows with heat intense; 55
 While Ceres on the ripening field looks down
 In smiles benign. Now with enraptur'd eye,
 The end of all his toil, and its reward,
 The Farmer views. Ah, gracious Heaven! attend
 His fervent prayer: restrain the tempest's rage, 60
 The dreadful blight disarm; nor in one blast
 The products of the labouring year destroy!
 Yet vain is Heaven's indulgence; for when now
 In ready ranks th' impatient reapers stand,
 Arm'd with the scythe or sickle;—echoes shrill 65
 Of winding horns, the shouts and hallowings loud
 Of huntsmen, and the cry of opening hounds,
 Float in the gale melodious, but invade

His

His frightened sense with dread. Near and more near
 Th' unwelcome sounds approach ; and sudden o'er 70
 His fence the tall stag bounds : in close pursuit
 The hunter train, on many a noble steed,
 Undaunted follow ; while the eager pack
 Burst unresisted thro' the yielding hedge.
 In vain, unheard, the wretched hind exclaims : 75
 The ruin of his crop in vain laments :
 Deaf to his cries, they traverse the ripe field
 In cruel exultation ; trampling down
 Beneath their feet, in one short moment's sport,
 The peace, the comfort of his future year. 80
 Unfeeling Wealth ! ah, when wilt thou forbear
 Thy insults, thy injustice to the Poor ?
 When taste the bliss of nursing in thy breast
 The sweet sensations of Humanity ?

Yet all are not destroyers : some unspoil'd 85
 By Fortune, still preserve a feeling heart.
 And see the yellow fields, with labourers spread,
 Resign their treasures to the reaper's hand.
 Here stands in comely order on the plain,
 And cluster'd sheafs, the king of golden corn, 90
 Unbearded Wheat, support of human life :
 There rises in round heaps the maltster's hope,
 Grain which the reaper's care solicits best
 By tempting promises of potent beer,
 The joy, the meed of thirst-creating toil : 95
 The poor man's * clammy fare the sickle reaps ;
 The steed's light provender obeys the scythe.

* Rye, on which is made a coarse clammy kind of bread, used by the poorer people in many parts of England, on account of its cheapness.

Labour and mirth united, glow beneath
 The mid-day sun; the laughing binds rejoice;
 Their master's heart is open'd, and his eye 100
 Looks with indulgence on the gleaner Poor,
 At length, adorn'd with boughs and garlands gay,
 Nods the last load along the shouting field.
 Now to the God of Harvest in a song
 The grateful Farmer pays accepted thanks, 105
 With joy unfeign'd; while to his ravish'd ear
 The gratulations of assisting swains
 Are music. His exulting soul expands:
 He presses every aiding hand; he bids
 The plenteous feast, beneath some spreading tree, 110
 Load the large board; and circulates the bowl,
 The copious bowl, unmeasur'd, unrestrain'd,
 A free libation to th' immortal Gods,
 Who crown with plenty the prolific soil.

Hail, favour'd Island! happy Region, hail! 115
 Whose temperate skies, mild air, and genial dews,
 Enrich the fertile glebe; blessing thy sons
 With various products, to the life of Man
 Indulgent. Thine Pomona's choicest gift,
 The tasteful apple, rich with racy juice, 120
 Theme of thy envy'd song, Silurian bard;
 Affording to the swains, in sparkling cups,
 Delicious bev'rage. Thine, on Cantium's hills,
 The flow'ry hop, whose tendrils climbing round,
 The tall aspiring pole, bear their light heads 125
 Aloft, in pendant clusters; which in Malt's
 Fermenting tuns infus'd, to mellow age
 Preserves the potent draught. Thine too the plant,
 To whose tough stringy stalks thy num'rous fleets

Owe their strong cordage: with her sister stem,
 Her fairer sister, whence Minerva's¹³⁰ tribe,
 T' enfold in softness Beauty's lovely limbs,
 Present their woven texture: and from whence,
 A second birth, grows the Papyrus¹³¹ & leaf,
 A tablet firm, on which the Painter-bard¹³²
 Delineates thought, and to the wondering eye
 Embodies vocal air, and groups the sound.

With various blessings teems thy fruitful womb.
 Lo! from the depth of many a yawning mine,
 Thy fossil treasures rise. Thy blazing hearths,¹⁴⁰
 From deep sulphureous pits, consumeless stores
 Of fuel boast. Thy oil-imbibing & earth,
 The fuller's mill admitting, sale denies
 All foreign rivals in the clothier's art.
 The builder's stone thy numerous quarries hide;¹⁴⁵
 With lime, its close concomitant, The hills,
 The barren hills of Derby's wildest Peak,
 In lead abound; soft, fusile, malleable;
 Whose ample sheets thy venerable domes,
 From rough inclement storms of wind and rain,¹⁵⁰
 In safety clothe. Devon's ancient mines,
 Whose treasures tempted first Phoenicia's sons
 To court thy commerce, still exhaustless, yield
 The valued ore, from whence, Britannia, Thou

* Minerva is said to have invented the art of weaving.
 † The leaf of the Egyptian plant, Papyrus, was anciently used for
 writing upon; from whence is derived the present name of our material
 called Paper.

‡ Fuller's earth is found in no other country; and as it is of so great a
 use in the manufacturing of cloth, the exportation of it is prohibited. Dr.
 Woodward says this fossil is of more value to England than the mines of
 Peru would be.

Thine honour'd * name deriv'd. Nor want'st thou store
 Of that all-useful metal, the support 154
 Of ev'ry art mechanic. Hence arise
 In Dean's large forest numerous glowing kilns,
 The rough rude ore calcining; whence convey'd
 To the fierce furnace, its intenser heat 160
 Melts the hard mass; which flows, an iron stream,
 On sandy beds below; and stiffening there,
 A ponderous lump, but to the hammer tam'd,
 Takes from the forge, in bars, its final form.

But the glad Muse, from subterranean caves 165
 Emerging, views with wonder and delight,
 What numerous products still remain unfung,
 With fish abound thy streams; thy sheltering woods
 To fowl give friendly covert; and thy plains
 The cloven-footed race, in various herds, 170
 Range undisturb'd. Fair Flora's sweetest buds
 Blow on thy beauteous bosom; and her fruits
 Pomona pours in plenty on thy lap.

Thou to the dyer's tinging cauldron giv'st
 The yellow-staining weed, † luteola; 175
 The ‡ glastum brown, with which thy naked sons

* The learned antiquary, Bochart, is of opinion, that the Phenicians, coming to buy tin in the island of Albion, gave it the name of Barat-Anac, that is, the Land or Country of Tin: which being soften'd by the Greeks into Britannia, was adopted by the Romans. This etymology seems to be confirm'd by the Grecians calling the isles of Scilly, Cassiterides, which signifies in Greek, the same as Barat-Anac in Phenician. Rapin,

† Weld, commonly call'd Dyer's weed.

‡ Woad.

In

Canto III. AGRICULTURE. 141

In ancient time their hardy limbs distain'd;
 Nor the rich * rubia does thine hand withhold.

Grateful and salutary spring the plants
 Which crown thy numerous gardens, and invite 180
 To Health and Temperance, in the simple meal,
 Unstain'd with murder, undefil'd with blood,
 Unpoison'd with rich sauces, to provoke
 Th' unwilling appetite to gluttony.
 For this, the bulbous esculents their roots 185
 With sweetness fill; for this, with cooling juice
 The green herb spreads its leaves; and opening buds,
 And flowers, and seeds, with various flavours tempt
 Th' ensanguin'd palate from its savage feast.

Nor hath the God of Physick and of Day 190
 Forgot to shed kind influence on thy plants
 Medicinal. Lo! from his beaming rays
 Their various energies to every herb
 Imparted flow. He the salubrious leaf
 Of cordial sage, the purple-flowering head 195
 Of fragrant lavender, enlivening mint,
 Valerian's fetid smell, endows benign
 With their cephalic virtues. He the root
 Of broad angelica, and tufted flower
 Of creeping chamomile, impregnates deep 200
 With powers carminative. In every brake

* Madder, which is used by the dyers for making the most solid and richest red; and as Mortimer observes, was thought so valuable in King Charles the First's time, that it was made a Patent Commodity. But the cultivation of it hath since been so strangely neglected, that we now purchase from the Dutch the greatest part of what we use, to the amount, as Mr. Millar, in his Gardener's Dictionary says he hath been inform'd, of near thirty thousand pounds a year.

Worm-

Wormwood and centaury, their bitter juice,
 To aid Digestion's sickly pow'rs, refine.
 The smooth * althaea its balsamic wave
 Indulgent pours. Eryngo's strengthening root 205
 Surrounds thy sea-girt isle, restorative,
 Fair queen of Love, to thy enfeebled sons.
 † Hypericum, beneath each thirt ring bush,
 Its healing virtue modestly conceals.
 Thy friendly soil to liquorice imparts 210
 Its dulcet moisture, whence the labouring lungs
 Of panting Asthma find a sure relief.
 The scarlet poppy, on thy painted fields,
 Bows his somniferous head, inviting soon
 To peaceful slumber the disorder'd mind. 215
 Lo, from thy baum's exhilarating leaf,
 The moping fiend, black Melancholy, flies;
 And burning Febris, with its lenient flood
 Cools her hot entrails; or embathes her limbs
 In fudorific streams, that cleansing flow 220
 From saffron's friendly spring. Thou too can'st boast
 The ‡ blessed thistle, whose rejeotive power
 Relieves the loaded viscera; and to thee
 The rose, the violet their emollient leaves
 On every bush, on every bank, display. 225

These are thy products, fair Britannia, these
 The copious blessings, which thy envy'd sons,
 Divided and distinguish'd from the world,
 Secure and free, beneath just laws, enjoy.

* Marsh-mallows.

† St. John's-wort.

‡ Carduus, call'd by physical writers Carduus benedictus.

Nor

Nor dread the ravage of destructive War ; 230
 Nor black Contagion's pestilential breath ;
 Nor rending Earth's convulsions, — fields, flocks, towns,
 Swallow'd abrupt, in Ruin's frightful jaws ;
 Nor worse, far worse than all, the iron hand
 Of lawless power, stretch'd o'er precarious wealth, 235
 Lands, liberty, and life, the wanton prey
 Of its enormous, unresisted gripe.

But further now in Vegetation's paths,
 Thro' cultur'd fields, and woods, and waving crops,
 The weary'd Muse forbears to wind her walk, 240
 To flocks and herds her future strains aspire,
 And let the listening hinds instructed hear
 The closing precepts of her labour'd song.

Lo! on the side of yonder slanting hill,
 Beneath a spreading oak's broad foliage, sits 245
 The shepherd swain, and patient by his side
 His watchful dog ; while round the nibbling flocks
 Spread their white fleeces o'er the verdant slope,
 A landscape pleasing to the painter's eye.
 Mark his maternal care. The tender race, 250
 Of heat impatient, as of pinching cold
 Afraid, he shelters from the rising sun,
 Beneath the mountain's western side ; and when
 The evening beam shoots eastward, turning seeks
 Th' alternate umbrage. Now to the sweetest food 255
 Of fallow fields he leads, and nightly folds,
 T' enrich th' exhausted soil : defending safe
 From murd'rous thieves, and from the prowling fox,
 Their helpless innocence. His skilful eye
 Studious explores the latent ills which prey 260
 Upon

Upon the bleating nation. The foul mange
 Infectious, their impatient foot, by oft
 Repeated scratchings, will betray. This calls
 For his immediate aid, the spreading taint
 To stop. Tobacco, in the briny wave 265
 Infus'd, affords a wash of sovereign use
 To heal the dire disease. The wriggling tail
 Sure indication gives, that, bred beneath,
 Devouring vermin lurk : these, or with dust
 Or deaden'd lime besprinkled thick, fall off 270
 In smother'd crowds. Diseases numerous
 Assault the harmless race ; but chief the Fiend
 Which taints with rottenness their inward frame,
 And sweeps them from the plain in putrid heaps,
 A nuisance to the smell. This, this demands 275
 His watchful care. If he perceives the fleece
 In patches lost ; if the dejected eye
 Looks pale and languid ; if the rosy gums
 Change to a yellow foulness ; and the breath,
 Panting and short, emits a sickly stench ; 280
 Warn'd by the fatal symptoms, he removes
 To rising grounds and dry, the tainted flock ;
 The best expedient to restore that health
 Which the full pasture, or the low damp moor
 Endanger'd. But if bare and barren hills, 285
 Or dry and sandy plains, too far remov'd,
 Deny their aid ; he speedily prepares
 Rue's bitter juice, with brine and brimstone mixt,
 A powerful remedy ; which from an horn
 Injected, stops the dangerous malady. 290

Refulgent Summer now his hot domain
 Hath carry'd to the tropic, and begins

His

His backward journey. Now beneath the sun
 Mellowing their fleeces for th' impending shears;
 The woolly people in full cloathing sweat;
 When the smooth current of a limpid brook
 The shepherd seeks, and plunging in its waves
 The frighted innocents, their whitening robes
 In the clear stream grow pure. Emerging hence,
 On litter'd straw the bleating flocks recline; 300
 Till glowing heat shall dry, and breathing down
 Perspiring soft, again thro' all the fleece
 Diffuse their oily fatness. Then the swain
 Prepares th' elastic shears, and gently down
 The patient creature lays; directing soon
 Its lighten'd limbs of their encumbering load. 305

O more than mines of gold, than diamonds far
 More precious, more important is the seed
 This, this the solid base on which the sons
 Of Commerce build, exalted to the sky,
 The structure of their grandeur, wealth, and power!
 Hence in the earliest childhood of her state,
 Ere yet her merchants spread the British sail,
 To earth descending in a radiant cloud,
 Britannia seiz'd th' invaluable spoil.
 To Ocean's verge exulting swift she flew;
 There, on the bosom of the bounding wave,
 Rais'd on her pearly car, false Commerce rode
 Sublime, the goddess of the wat'ry world,
 On every coast, in every clime ador'd,
 High waving in her hand the woolly prize,
 Britannia hail'd and beckon'd to her shore,
 The Power benign. Invited by the Fleece,
 From whence her penetrating Eyes foresaw

What mighty honours to her name should rise,
 She beam'd a gracious smile. Th' obedient winds,
 Rein'd by her hand, conducted to the beach
 Her sumptuous ear. But more convenient place
 The muse shall find, to sing the friendly league,
 Which here commenc'd, to Time's remotest age,
 Shall bear the glory of the British sail. 330

Cautious and fearful, some in early spring
 Recruit their flocks; as then the wintry storms
 Their tender frame hath prov'd. But he whose aim
 Ambitious should aspire to mend the breed,
 In fruitful Autumn stocks the bleating field,
 With buxom ewes, that, to their soft desires
 Indulgent, he may give the noblest rams.
 Yet not too early to the genial sport
 Invite the modest ewe; let Michael's feast
 Commemorate the deed; lest the cold hand
 Of Winter pinch too hard the new-yea'd lamb. 340

How nice, how delicate appears his choice,
 When fixing on the sire to raise his flock?
 His shape, his marks, how curious he surveys?
 His body large and deep, his buttocks broad
 Give indication of internal strength;
 Be short his legs, yet active; small his head;
 So shall Lucia's pains less pungent prove,
 And less the hazard of the teeming ewe:
 Long be his tail, and large his wool-grown ear;
 Thick, shining, white, his fleece, his hazel eye
 Large, bold, and cheerful; and his horns, if horns
 You chuse, not strait, but curving round and round
 On either side his head. These the sole arms 355

Hi

His inoffensive mildness bears; not made
 For shedding blood, nor hostile war: yet these,
 When love, all-powerful, swells his breast, and pours
 Into his heart new courage, these he aims,
 With meditated fury at his foe. 360

In glowing colours, here the tempted Muse
 Might paint the rushing conflict, when provok'd,
 The rival rams, opposing front to front,
 Spring forth with desperate madness to the fight.
 But as deter'd by the superior Bard,
 Whose steps, at awful distance, I revere,
 Nor dare to tread; so by the thundering strife
 Of his majestic fathers of the herd,
 My feebler combatants appall'd retreat.

At leisure now, O let me once again, 370
 Once, ere I leave the cultivated fields,
 My favourite Patty, in her dairy's pride,
 Revisit; and the generous steeds which grace
 The pastures of her swain, well-pleas'd, survey.
 The lowing kine, see, at their custom'd hour, 375
 Wait the returning pail. The rosy maid,
 Crouching beneath their side, in copious streams
 Exhausts the swelling udder. Vessels large
 And broad, by the sweet hand of Neatness clean'd,
 Mean-while, in decent order rang'd appear, 380
 The milky treasure, strain'd thro' filtering lawn,
 Intended to receive. At early day,
 Sweet slumber shaken from her opening lids,
 My lovely Patty to her dairy hies:
 There from the surface of expanded bowls 385
 She skims the floating cream, and to her churn

Commits the rich confidence; nor disdains;
 Though soft her hand, tho' delicate her frame;
 To urge the rural toil; fond to obtain
 The country-housewife's humble name and praise.
 Continu'd agitation separates soon
 The unctuous particles; with gentler strokes
 And artful, soon they coalesce: at length,
 Cool water pouring from the limpid spring
 Into a smooth-glass'd vessel, deep and wide,
 She gathers the loose fragments to an heap;
 Which in the cleansing wave well-wrought, and press'd
 To one consistent golden mass, receives
 The sprinkled seasoning, and of pats, or pounds,
 The fair impression, the neat shape assumes.

Is cheese her care? Warm from the teat she pours
 The milky flood. An acid juice infus'd,
 From the dry'd stomach drawn of suckling calf,
 Coagulates the whole. Immediate now
 Her spreading hands bear down the gathering curd,
 Which hard and harder grows; till, clear and thin,
 The green whey rises separate. Happy swains!
 O how I envy ye the luscious draught,
 The soft salubrious beverage! To a vat,
 The size and fashion which her taste approves,
 She bears the snow-white heaps, her future cheese;
 And the strong press establishes its form.

But nicer cates, her dairy's boasted fare,
 The jelly'd cream, or custard, daintiest food,
 Or cheesecake, or the cooling syllabub,
 For Thyrsis she prepares, who from the field
 Returning, with the kiss of love sincere,

Salutes

Salutes her rosy lip. A tender look,
 Meantime, and chearful smiles, his welcome speak :
 Down to their frugal board Contentment sits,
 And calls it feasting. Prattling infants dear
 Engage their fond regard, and closer tie
 The band of nuptial love. They, happy, feel
 Each other's bliss, and both in different spheres
 Employ'd, nor seek nor wish that cheating charm,
 Variety, which idlers to their aid
 Call in, to make the length of lazy life
 Drag on less heavily. Domestic cares,
 Her children and her dairy, well divide
 Th' appropriated hours, and duty makes
 Employment, pleasure. He, delighted, gives
 Each busy season of the rolling year,
 To raise, to feed, t' improve the generous horse,
 And fit for various use his strength or speed,

Dull, patient, heavy, of large limbs robust,
 Whom neither beauty marks, nor spirits fire ;
 Him, to the servile toil of dragging slow
 The burthen'd carriage ; or to drudge beneath
 A ponderous load impon'd, his justice dooms.
 Yet, straining in th' enormous cars which crowd
 Thy bustling streets, Augusta, queen of trade,
 What noble beasts are seen ? sweating beneath
 Their toil, and trembling at the driver's whip,
 Urg'd with malicious fury on the parts
 Where feeling lives most sensible of pain.
 Fell tyrants, hold ! forbear your hell-born rage !
 See ye not every sinew, every nerve
 Stretch'd even to bursting ? Villains ! --- but the Muse,
 Quick from the savage ruffians, turns her eye

Frowning indignant, Steeds of hardier kind, 450
 And cool tho' spritely; to the travel'd road
 He destines; sure of foot, of steady pace,
 Active, and persevering, uncompel'd,
 The tedious length of many a beaten mile.

But not alone to these inferior tribes 455
 Th' ambitious swain confines his generous breed,
 Hark! in his fields, when now the distant sounds
 Of winding horns, and dogs, and huntsmen's shout,
 Awake the sense, his kindling hunter heighs;
 Quick start his ears erect, his beating heart 460
 Exults, his light limbs bound, he bears aloft,
 Rais'd by tumultuous joy, his tossing head;
 And all impatient for the well-known sport,
 Leaps the tall fence, and listening to the cry,
 Pursues with voluntary speed the chase. 465
 See! o'er the plain he sweeps, nor hedge nor ditch
 Obstructs his eager flight; nor straining hills,
 Nor headlong steep's deter the vigorous steed;
 Till join'd at length, associate of the sport,
 He mingles with the train, stops as they stop, 470
 Pursues as they pursue, and all the wild
 Enlivening raptures of the field enjoys.

Easy in motion, perfect in his form, 475
 His boasted lineage drawn from steeds of blood,
 He the fleet courser top, exulting shews,
 And points with pride his beauties. Neatly set
 His lively head, and glowing in his eye
 True spirit lives. His nostril wide, inhales
 With ease the ambient air. His body firm
 And round, upright his joints, his horny hoofs 480

Small,

Canto III. AGRICULTURE 131

Small, shining, light; and large his ample reach,
His limbs, tho' slender, brac'd with sinewy strength,
Declare his winged speed. His temper mild,
Yet high his mettled heart. Hence in the race,
All emulous, he hears the clashing whips; 485
He feels the animating shouts; exerts
With eagerness his utmost powers; and strains,
And springs, and flies, to reach the destin'd goal.

But lo! the boast, the glory of his stalls;
His warrior steed appears. What comely pride 490
What dignity, what grace, attend on all
His motions? See! exulting in his strength,
He paws the ground impatient. On his brow
Courage enthroned sits, and animates
His fearless eye. He bends his arched crest, 495
His mane loose-flowing, ruffles in the wind,
Cloathing his chest with fury. Proud, he snorts,
Champs on the foaming bit, and prancing high,
Disdainful seems to tread the sordid earth.
Yet hears he and obeys his master's voice, 500
All gentleness: and feels, with conscious pride,
His dappled neck clap'd with a cheering hand,
But when the battle's martial sounds invade
His ear, when drums and trumpets loud proclaim
The rushing onset; when thick smoke, when fire 505
Bursts thundering from the cannon's awful mouth;
Then all inspir'd he kindles into flame!
Intrepid, neighs aloud; and, panting, seems
Impatient to express his swelling joys
Unutterable. On Danger's brink he stands, 510
And mocks at Fear. Then springing with delight,
Plunges into the wild confusion. Terror flies

Before his dreadful front: and in his rear
 Destruction marks her bloody progress, Such,
 Such was the deed Thou, CUMBERLAND, bestrid'st, 515
 When black Rebellion fell beneath thy hand,
 Rome and her papal tyranny subdu'd,
 On great Culloden's memorable field.
 Such thine, unconquer'd MARLBOROUGH, when the throne
 Of Lewis totter'd, and thy glittering steel 520
 On Blenheim's plain immortal trophies reap'd,
 And such, O PRINCE! great patron of my theme,
 Should e'er infectious France again presume
 On Europe's freedom, such, tho' all averse
 To slaughtering war, thy country shall present 525
 To bear her Hosts to the martial plain,
 Arm'd with the sword of justice, Other cause
 Ne'er shall Ambition's topology periwade
 Thine honour to espouse, Britannia's peace;
 Her sacred rights; her just, her equal laws; 530
 These, these alone, to cherish or defend,
 Shall raise thy youthful arm, and wake to war,
 To dreadful war, the British Lion's rage,

But milder stars on thy illustrious birth
 Their kindest influence shed. Beneath the smile 535
 Of thy indulgence, the protected ARTS
 Lifting their graceful heads; her envy'd sail
 Fair COMMERCE spreading to remotest climes;
 And Plenty rising from th' encourag'd PLOUGH;
 Shall feed, enrich, adorn, the happy land. 540

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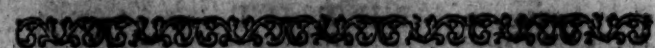
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20 AUG 66

THE

ADVERTISEMENT



THE
OECONOMY
OF
HUMAN LIFE.

Translated from an INDIAN Manuscript,
written by an ancient BRAMIN.

To which is prefixed

An Account of the Manner in which the said
MANUSCRIPT was discovered.

IN

A LETTER from an *English* Gentleman, now residing
in *China*, to the Earl of * * * *

The TWELFTH EDITION.



I N D E X

THE

OF

THE

O E C O N O M Y

OF

H U M A N I T Y



Translated from the
Manuscript written by an
Arabian.

To which is prefixed

An Account of the Manner in which the said
Manuscript was discovered.

IN

A LETTER from an English Gentleman, now residing
in China, to the East India Company.

THE TWELFTH EDITION.

Printed by J. B. Nichols, in Pall Mall.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE spirit of virtue and morality,

which breathes in this ancient

piece of eastern instruction, its force

and conciseness, and the hopes that

it may do good, have prevailed with

the person to whom it was sent, to

communicate to the public, what was

translated only for his particular a-

musement. There are some reasons

which at present make it proper to

conceal, not only his own name, but

the name of his correspondent; who

has now resided in China several years,

and been engaged in a business very

different from that of collecting lite-

rary curiosities. These reasons will

VOL. II. M. not

not subsist long; and as he seems to intimate a design, on his return to England, of publishing an entire translation of Cao-tou's whole journey, the public will then, in all probability, have an opportunity of being satisfied concerning any particulars which they may be curious to know.

There are some reasons which at present make it proper to conceal, not only his own name, but the name of his correspondent; who has now resided in China several years, and been engaged in a business very different from that of collecting literary curiosities. These reasons will not

M

O T or II



TO THE

E A R L of * * * *

My LORD,

IN the last LETTER which I had the honour of writing to your Lordship, dated Dec. 23, 1748, I think I concluded all I had to say, in regard to the topography and natural history of this great empire. I purposed in this, and some succeeding ones, to have set down such observations, as I have been able to make on the laws, government, religion, and manners of the people. But a remarkable occurrence has happened lately, which engrosses the conversation of the literati here; and may hereafter, perhaps, afford matter of speculation to the learned in Europe. As it is of a nature which, I know, will furnish some entertainment to your Lordship, I will endeavour to give you as distinct and particular an account of it, as I have been able to obtain.

M 2

Adjoin-

Adjoining to China on the West, is the large country of Thibet, called by some Barantola. In a province of this country, named Lasa, resides the grand Lama, or high-priest of these idolaters; who is revered, and even ador'd as a god, by most of the neighbouring nations. The high opinion which is entertained of his sacred character, induces prodigious numbers of religious people to resort to Lasa, to pay their homage to him, and to give him presents, in order to receive his blessing. His residence is in a most magnificent pagod, or temple, built on the top of the mountain Poutala. The foot of this mountain, and even the whole district of Lasa, is inhabited by an incredible number of Lamas of different ranks and orders, several of whom have very grand pagods erected to their honour, in which they receive a kind of inferior worship. The whole country, like Italy, abounds with priests; and they entirely subsist on the great number of rich presents, which are sent them from the utmost extent of Tartary, from the empire of the Great Mogul, and from almost all parts of the Indies. When the grand Lama receives the adorations of the people, he is raised on a magnificent altar, and sits cross-legg'd upon a splendid cushion: his worshippers prostrate themselves before him in the humblest and most abject manner; but he returns not the least sign of respect, nor ever speaks,

M

even

even to the greatest princes; he only lays his hand upon their heads, and they are fully persuaded, that they receive from thence a full forgiveness of all their sins. They are likewise so extravagant as to imagine, that he knows all things, even the secrets of the heart: and his particular disciples, being a select number of about two hundred of the most eminent Lamas, have the address to make the people believe he is immortal; and that whenever he appears to die, he only changes his abode, and animates a new body.

The learned in China have long been of opinion, that, in the archives of this grand temple, some very ancient books have for many ages been concealed; and the present emperor, who is very curious in searching after the writings of antiquity, became at length so fully convinced of the probability of this opinion, that he determined to try whether any discovery of this sort could be made. To this end, his first care was to find out a person eminently skilful in the ancient languages and characters. He at length pitched upon one of the *Han-lins*, or doctors of the first order, whose name was *Gao-tsou*, a man about fifty years of age, of a grave and noble aspect, of great eloquence, and who, by an accidental friendship with a certain learned Lama,

who had resided many years at Peking, was become entirely master of the language which the Lamas of Thibet use among themselves.

With these qualifications he set forward on his journey; and, to give his commission the greater weight, the emperor honoured him with the title of *Colao*, or prime minister; to which he added a most magnificent equipage, and attendants; with presents for the grand Lama, and the other principal Lamas, of an immense value; also a letter, written with his own hand, in the following terms,

TO THE GREAT

REPRESENTATIVE of GOD.

Most high, most holy,

and worthy to be adored!

“ **WE**, the emperor of China, sovereign of
 “ all the sovereigns of the earth, in the
 “ person of this our most respected prime mini-
 “ ster *Cao-tsou*, with all reverence and humility
 “ prostrate ourself beneath thy sacred feet, and
 “ implore for ourself, our friends, and our em-
 “ pire, thy most powerful and gracious bene-
 “ diction,

“ Having

" Having a strong desire to search into the
 " records of antiquity, to learn and retrieve the
 " wisdom of the ages that are past ; and being
 " well informed, that, in the sacred repositories
 " of thy most ancient and venerable hierarchy,
 " there are some valuable books, which, from
 " their great antiquity, are become to the gene-
 " rality, even of the learned, almost wholly un-
 " intelligible ; in order, as far as in us lies, to
 " prevent their being totally lost, we have thought
 " proper to authorise and employ our most learn-
 " ed and respected minister *Cao-tsou*, in this our
 " present embassy to thy sublime holiness ; the
 " business of which is to desire, that he may be
 " permitted to read and examine the said wri-
 " tings ; we expecting, from his great and un-
 " common skill in the ancient languages, that
 " he will be able to interpret whatever may be
 " found, though of the highest and most obscure
 " antiquity. And we have commanded him to
 " throw himself at thy feet, with such testimo-
 " nies of our respect, as, we trust, will procure
 " him the admittance we desire."

I will not detain your Lordship with any par-
 ticulars of his journey, though he hath published
 a large account of it, abounding with many sur-
 prizing relations ; and which, at my return to
 England, I may probably translate and publish

entire. Let it suffice at present, that, when he arrived in these sacred territories, the magnificence of his appearance, and the richness of his present, failed not to gain him a ready admission. He had apartments appointed him in the sacred college, and was assisted in his inquiries by one of the most learned Lamas. He continued there near six months; during which time he had the satisfaction of finding many valuable pieces of antiquity; from some of which he hath made very curious extracts, and hath formed such probable conjectures concerning their authors, and the times wherein they were written, as proves him to be a man of great judgment and penetration, as well as most extensive reading.

But the most ancient piece he hath discovered, and which none of the Lamas for many ages had been able to interpret or understand, is a small system of morality, written in the language and character of the ancient Gymnosophists or Bramins; but by what particular person, or in what time, he does not pretend to determine. This piece, however, he wholly translated; though, as he himself confesses, with an utter incapacity of reaching, in the Chinese language, the strength and sublimity of the original. The judgments and opinions of the Bonzees, and the learned doc-

tors,

tors, are very much divided concerning it. Those who admire it the most highly, are very fond of attributing it to *Confucius*, their own great philosopher; and get over the difficulty of its being written in the language and character of the ancient Bramins, by supposing this to be only a translation, and that the original work of *Confucius* is lost. Some will have it to be the institutes of *Lao Kiun*, another Chinese philosopher, contemporary with *Confucius*, and founder of the sect *Tao-see*; but these labour under the same difficulty, in regard to the language, with those who attribute it to *Confucius*. There are others, who, from some particular marks and sentiments which they find in it, suppose it to be written by the Bramin *Dandamis*, whose famous letter to Alexander the Great is recorded by the European writers. With these *Cao-tseu* himself seems most inclined to agree; at least so far as to think, that it is really the work of some ancient Bramin; being fully persuaded, from the spirit with which it is written, that it is no translation. One thing, however, occasions some doubt amongst them, and that is the plan of it; which is entirely new to the eastern people, and so unlike any thing they have ever seen, that, if it was not for some turns of expression peculiar to the East, and the impossibility of accounting for its being written

ten in this very ancient language, many would suppose it to be the work of an European.

But whoever was the writer of it, the great noise which it makes in this city, and all over the empire, the eagerness with which it is read by all kinds of people, and the high encomiums which are given to it by some, at length determined me to attempt a translation of it into English; especially as I was persuaded, it would be an agreeable present to your Lordship. And I was the more easily induced to make this trial, as, very happily for me, you cannot judge how far I have fallen short of the original, or even of the Chinese translation. One thing, however, it may perhaps be necessary to apologize for, at least to give some account of; and that is, the style and manner in which I have translated it. I can assure your Lordship, that, when I first sat down to the work, I had not the least intention of doing it in this way; but the sublime manner of thinking which appeared in the introduction, the great energy of expression, and the shortness of the sentences, naturally led me into this kind of style: and, I hope, the having so elegant a pattern to form myself upon, as our version of the book of Job, the Psalms, the works of Solomon, and the prophets, hath been of some advantage to my translation.

Such

Such as it is, if it affords your Lordship any entertainment, I shall think myself extremely happy; and in my next will resume my account of this people and their empire.

I am, &c.

P O S T S C R I P T.

The little drawing inclosed is a copy from one found with the original Manuscript; and which *Cao-tsou* has prefixed to the Chinese translation.

T H E

Such as it is, it affords your Lordship any
entertainment, I shall think myself extremely hap-
py; and in my next will return my account of
this people and their empire.

I am, Sir,

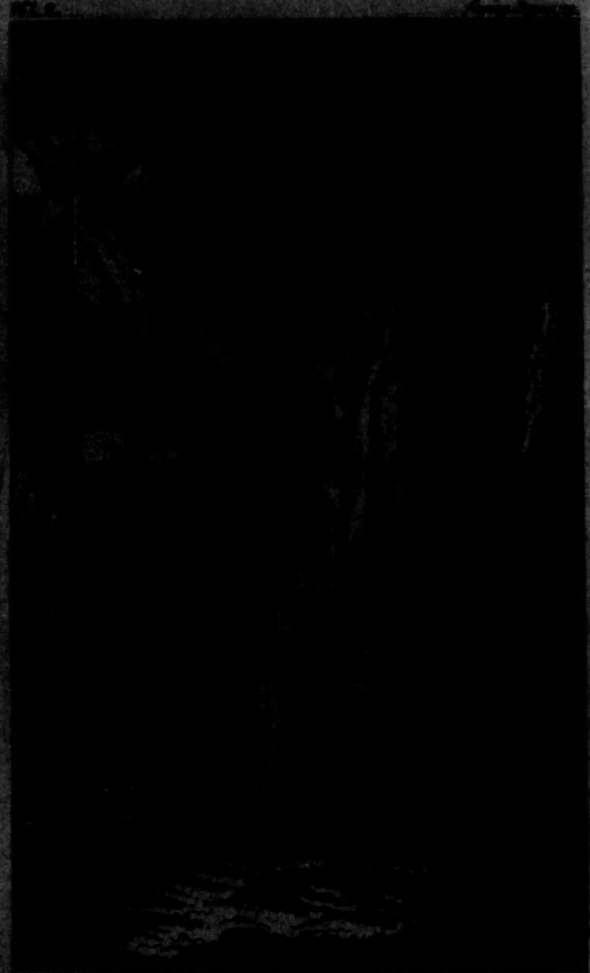
POSTSCRIPT.

The little drawing inclosed is a copy from one
found with the original Manuscript; and which
has been preserved to the Chinese translation.



BRITISH
20 AUG 66
MUSEUM

27



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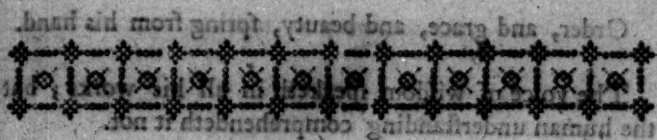
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INTRO.



INTRODUCTION.

BOW down your heads unto the dust, O ye inhabitants of earth: be silent, and receive, with reverence, instruction from on high.

Wheresoever the sun doth shine, wheresoever the wind doth blow, wheresoever there is an ear to hear, and a mind to conceive; there let the precepts of life be made known; let the maxims of truth be honoured and obeyed.

All things proceed from God. His power is unbounded; his wisdom is from eternity; and his goodness endureth for ever.

He sitteth on his throne in the centre; and the breath of his mouth giveth life to the world.

He toucheth the stars with his finger, and they run their course rejoicing.

On the wings of the wind he walketh abroad, and performeth his will through all the regions of unlimited space.

Order, and grace, and beauty, spring from his hand.

The voice of wisdom speaketh in all his works; but the human understanding comprehendeth it not.

The shadow of knowledge passeth over the mind of man as a dream: he seeth as in the dark; he reasoneth, and is deceived,

But the wisdom of God is as the light of heaven: he reasoneth not; his mind is the fountain of truth.

Justice and mercy wait before his throne; benevolence and love enlighten his countenance for ever.

Who is like unto the Lord in glory? Who in power shall contend with the Almighty? Hath he any equal in wisdom? Can any in goodness be compared unto him?

He it is, O man, who hath created thee; thy station on earth is fixed by his appointment: the powers of thy mind are the gifts of his goodness; the wonders of thy frame are the work of his hand.

Hear then his voice, for it is gracious; and he that obeyeth, shall establish his soul in peace.

SECTION 1.

PART I.

DUTIES

That RELATE to

M A N,

Considered as an INDIVIDUAL;

NOTIFICATION

Whereas the said ...
The said ...
The said ...

And whereas ...
The said ...

And whereas ...
The said ...



And whereas ...
The said ...
Considered as an individual

And whereas ...
The said ...



SECTION I.

CONSIDERATION.

COMMUNE with thyself, O man ; and consider
wherefore thou wert made.

Contemplate thy powers, contemplate thy wants and
thy connections ; so shalt thou discover the duties of
life, and be directed in all thy ways.

Proceed not to speak or to act, before thou hast
weighed thy words, and examined the tendency of every
step thou shalt take : so shall disgrace fly far from
thee, and in thy house shall shame be a stranger ; re-
pentance shall not visit thee, nor sorrow dwell upon thy
cheek.

The thoughtless man bridleth not his tongue ; he
speaketh at random, and is entangled in the foolishness
of his own words.

As one that runneth in haste, and leapeth over a
fence, may fall into a pit which he doth not see ; so is

the man that plungeth suddenly into any action, before he hath considered the consequences thereof.

Hearken therefore unto the voice of Consideration: her words are the words of Wisdom; and her paths shall lead thee to safety and truth.

SECTION I. CONSIDERATION.

COMMUNE with thyself, O man; and consider
wherefore thou wast made.

Contemplate thy powers, contemplate thy wants and
thy necessities; so shalt thou discover the duties of
life, and be directed in all thy ways.

Proceed not to speak or to act, before thou hast
weighed thy words, and examined the tendency of every
step thou shalt take; it shall direct thee in the
right, and in thy house shall stand as a stranger; re-
pentance shall not visit thee, nor sorrow dwell upon thy
cheek.

The thoughtless man is blind, not his eyes; he
searches at random, and is entangled in the labyrinth
of his own words.

As one that travels in darkness, and knows not
his way, shall into a precipice, so shall he who
does not consider, fall into ruin.

SEC.

SECTION II.

MODESTY.

WHO art thou, O man, that presumest on thine own wisdom ; or why dost thou vaunt thyself on thine own acquirements ?

The first step towards being wise, is to know that thou art ignorant ; and if thou wouldst be esteemed in the judgment of others, cast off the folly of seeming wise in thine own conceit.

As a plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman, so a decent behaviour is the greatest ornament to wisdom.

The speech of a modest man giveth lustre to truth ; and the diffidence of his words excuseth his error.

He relieth not on his own wisdom ; he weigheth the counsels of a friend, and receiveth the benefit thereof.

He turneth away his ear from his own praise, and believeth it not : he is the last in discovering his own perfections.

Yet, as a veil addeth to beauty ; so are his virtues set off by the shade which his modesty casteth upon them.

But behold the vain man, and observe the arrogant; he clotheth himself in rich attire, he walketh in the public street, he casteth round his eyes, and courteth observation.

He tosseth up his head, and overlooketh the poor; he treateth his inferiors with insolence, and his superiors in return look down on his pride and folly with laughter.

He despiseth the judgment of others; he relieth on his own opinion, and is confounded.

He is puffed up with the vanity of his imagination, his delight is to hear and to speak of himself all the day long.

He swalloweth with greediness his own praise; and the flatterer in return eateth him up.

SECTION III.

SECTION IV.

APPLICATION.

SINCE the days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come may not come to thee; it becometh thee, O man, to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending upon that which is to come.

This instant is thine; the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly: defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of want and of pain; but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

The hand of diligence defeateth want; prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honour, that is spoken of in the city with praise, and that standeth before the king in his counsel? Even he that hath shut out Idleness from his house, and hath said unto Sloth, Thou art mine enemy.

He

He riseth up early, and lieth down late; he exerciseth his mind with contemplation, and his body with action; and preserveth the health of both.

The slothful man is a burthen to himself; his hours hang heavy on his head; he loitereth about; and knoweth not what he would do.

His days pass away like the shadow of a cloud; and he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

His body is diseased for want of exercise; he wisheth for action, but hath not power to move. His mind is in darkness; his thoughts are confused; he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application. He would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking its shell.

His house is in disorder; his servants are wasteful and riotous; and he runneth on towards ruin: he seeth it with his eyes; he heareth it with his ears; he shaketh his head, and wisheth; but hath no resolution: till ruin cometh upon him like a whirlwind; and shame and repentance descend with him to the grave.

SECTION IV.

E M U L A T I O N.

IF thy soul thirsteth for honour, if thy ear hath any pleasure in the voice of praise, raise thyself from the dust whereof thou art made, and exalt thy aim to something that is praise-worthy.

The oak that now spreadeth its branches towards the heavens, was once but an acorn in the bowels of the earth.

Endeavour to be first in thy calling, whatever it be; neither let any one go before thee in well doing: nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve thine own talents.

Scorn also to depress thy competitor by dishonest or unworthy methods; strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him: so shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honour, if not with success.

By a virtuous emulation the spirit of man is exalted within him; he panteth after fame, and rejoiceth as a racer to run his course.

He

He riseth like the palm-tree in spite of oppression; and, as an eagle in the firmament of heaven, he soareth aloft, and fixeth his eye upon the glories of the sun.

The examples of eminent men are in his visions by night; and his delight is to follow them all the day long.

He formeth great designs; he rejoiceth in the execution thereof; and his name goeth forth to the ends of the world.

But the heart of the envious man is gall and bitterness; his tongue spitteth venom; the success of his neighbour breaketh his rest.

He sitteth in his cell repining; and the good that happeneth to another, is to him an evil.

Hatred and malice feed upon his heart; and there is no rest in him.

He feeleth in his own breast no love of goodness; and therefore believeth his neighbour is like unto himself.

He endeavours to depreciate those who excel him; and putteth an evil interpretation on all their doings.

He lieth on the watch, and meditates mischief: but the detestation of man pursueth him; he is crushed as a spider in his own web.

SECTION V.

P R U D E N C E.

HEAR the words of Prudence; give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thine heart. Her maxims are universal; and all the Virtues lean upon her; she is the guide, and the mistress, of human life.

Put a bridle on thy tongue; set a guard before thy lips; lest the words of thine own mouth destroy thy peace.

Let him that scoffeth at the lame, take care that he halt not himself; whosoever speaketh of another's failings with pleasure, shall hear of his own with shame.

Of much speaking cometh repentance; but in silence is safety.

A talkative man is a nuisance to society; the ear is sick of his babling; the torrent of his words overwhelmeth conversation.

Boast not of thyself, for it shall bring contempt upon thee; neither deride another, for it is dangerous.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship; and he who restrains not his tongue, shall live in trouble.

Furnish

Furnish thyself with the accommodations proper to thy condition ; yet spend not to the utmost of what thou can'st afford, that the providence of thy youth may be a comfort to thy old age.

Avarice is the parent of evil deeds ; but frugality is the sure guardian of our virtues.

Let thine own business engage thy attention ; leave the care of the state to the governors thereof.

Let not thy recreations be expensive ; lest the pain of purchasing them exceed the pleasure thou hast in their enjoyment.

Neither let prosperity put out the eyes of circumspection, nor abundance cut off the hands of frugality : he that too much indulgeth in the superfluities of life, shall live to lament the want of its necessities.

Trust no man, before thou hast tried him : yet mistrust not without reason ; it is uncharitable.

But when thou hast proved a man to be honest, lock him up in thine heart as a treasure ; regard him as a jewel of inestimable price.

Receive not the favours of a mercenary man ; nor join in friendship with the wicked : they shall be snares unto thy virtue, and bring grief to thy soul.

Use not to-day, what to-morrow may want ; neither leave that to hazard, which foresight may provide for, or care prevent.

From

OF HUMAN LIFE. 191

From the experience of others do thou learn wisdom;
and from their failings correct thine own faults.

Yet expect not even from prudence infallible success:
for the day knoweth not what the night may bring forth.

The fool is not always unfortunate, nor the wise man
always successful: yet never had fool a thorough enjoy-
ment, never was a wise man wholly unhappy.

SECTION VI.

FORTITUDE.

PERILS, and misfortunes, and want, and pain, and injury, are the lot of every man who cometh into the world.

It becometh thee, therefore, early to fortify thy mind with courage and patience; that thou mayst support with resolution thy allotted portion of calamity.

As the camel beareth labour, and heat, and hunger and thirst, thro' deserts of sand, and fainteth not; so a man of fortitude shall sustain his virtue thro' perils, and distress.

A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of fortune: his greatness of soul is not to be cast down.

His happiness dependeth not on her smiles, and therefore with her frowns he shall not be dismayed.

As a rock in the sea he standeth firm; and the dashing of the waves disturbeth him not.

He raiseth his head like a tower on an hill; and the arrows of fortune drop at his feet.

In

In the instant of danger, the courage of his heart sustaineth him; and the steadiness of his mind beareth him out.

He meeteth the evils of life, as a man that goeth forth unto battle; and returneth with victory in his hand.

Under the pressure of misfortunes, his calmness alleviates their weight; and by his constancy he shall surmount them.

But the dastardly spirit of a timorous man betrayeth him to shame.

By shrinking under poverty, he stoopeth down to meanness; and by tamely bearing insults, he inviteth injuries.

As a reed is shaken with the breath of the air; so the shadow of evil maketh him tremble.

In the hour of danger he is embarrassed, and confounded; in the day of misfortune he sinketh, and despair overwhelmeth his soul.

SECTION VII.

CONTENTMENT.

FORGET not, O man, that thy station on earth is appointed by the wisdom of the Eternal: who knoweth thy heart; who seeth the vanity of all thy wishes; and who often in mercy denieth thy requests.

Yet for all reasonable desires, for all honest endeavours, his benevolence hath established, in the nature of things, a probability of success.

The uneasiness thou feelest, the misfortunes thou bewailest; behold the root from whence they spring, even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own distempered fancy.

Murmur not therefore at the dispensations of God; but correct thine own heart: neither say within thyself, If I had wealth, power, or leisure, I should be happy; for know, they all bring to their several possessors their peculiar inconveniencies.

The poor man seeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich; he feelet not the difficulties and perplexities of power; neither knoweth he the wearisomeness of leisure; and therefore it is that he repineth at his own lot.

But

But envy not the appearance of happiness in any man ;
for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

To be satisfied with a little, is the greatest wisdom ;
and he who increaseth his riches, increaseth his cares ;
but a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and a guard
from trouble.

Yet, if thou sufferest not the blandishments of thy
fortunes to rob thee of justice, or temperance, or charity,
or modesty, even riches themselves shall not make thee
unhappy.

But hence shalt thou learn, that the cup of felicity,
pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal
man.

Virtue is the race which God hath set him to run, and
happiness the goal ; which none can arrive at, till he hath
finished his course, and received his crown in the mansion
of eternity.

SECTION VIII.

TEMPERANCE.

THE nearest approach thou canst make to happiness on this side the grave, is to enjoy from heaven health, wisdom, and peace of mind.

These blessings if thou possessest, and wouldst preserve to old age, avoid the allurements of *Voluptuousness*, and fly from her temptations.

When she spreadeth her delicacies on the board, when her wine sparkleth in the cup, when she smileth upon thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful and happy; then is the hour of danger, then let Reason stand firmly on her guard.

For, if thou hearkenest unto the words of her adversary, thou art deceiv'd, and betray'd.

The joy which she promiseth, changeth to madness; and her enjoyments lead on to diseases and death.

Look round her board, cast thine eyes upon her guests, and observe those who have been allured by her smiles, who have listened to her temptations.

Are they not meagre? are they not sickly? are they not spiritless?

Their

Their short hours of jollity and riot are followed by tedious days of pain and dejection; she hath debauch'd and pall'd their appetites, that they have now no relish for her nicest dainties: her votaries are become her victims; the just and natural consequence which God hath ordain'd, in the constitution of things, for the punishment of those who abuse his gifts.

But who is she, that with graceful steps, and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The rose blusheth on her cheeks; the sweetness of the morning breatheth from her lips; joy, temper'd with innocence and modesty, sparkleth in her eyes; and from the cheerfulness of her heart, she singeth as she walks.

Her name is Health; she is the daughter of Exercise; who begot her upon Temperance: their sons inhabit the mountains that stretch over the northern regions of *San Ton Hoë*.

They are brave, active, and lively; and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister.

Vigour stringeth their nerves; strength dwelleth in their bones; and labour is their delight all the day long.

The employments of their father excite their appetites, and the repasts of their mother refresh them.

To combat the passions, is their delight; to conquer evil habits, their glory.

Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure; their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed.

Their blood is pure; their minds are serene; and the physician knoweth not the way to their habitations.

But safety dwelleth not with the sons of men, neither is security found within their gates,

Behold them exposed to new dangers from without, while a traitor within lurketh to betray them.

Their health, their strength, their beauty, and activity, have raised desire in the bosom of lascivious Love.

She standeth in her bower, she courteth their regard, she spreadeth her temptations.

Her limbs are soft, her air is delicate, her attire is loose; Wantonness speaketh in her eyes, and on her bosom sits Temptation: she beckoneth them with her finger, she wooeth them with her looks; and by the smoothness of her tongue she endeavoureth to deceive.

Ah! fly from her allurements; stop thine ears to her enchanting words. If thou meetest the languishing of her eyes, if thou hearest the softness of her voice, if she

she casteth her arms about thee, she bindeth thee in chains for ever.

Shame followeth, and disease, and want, and care,
and repentance,

Enfeebled by Dalliance, with Luxury pamper'd, and
softened by Sloth, strength shall forsake thy limbs, and
health thy constitution; thy days shall be few, and those
inglorious; thy griefs shall be many, yet meet with no
compassion.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

There follows, and there are some

Model of Hallway, with luxury carpeting, and

on drive down the road to the east of the road.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".



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PART II.

THE

PASSIONS.



P. A. S. S. I. O. N. S.



SECTION I

HOPE and FEAR.

THE promises of Hope are sweeter than the roses in the bud, and far more flattering to expectation; but the threatenings of Fear are a terror to the heart.

Nevertheless, let not Hope allure, nor Fear deter thee from doing that which is right; so shalt thou be prepared to meet all events with an equal mind.

The terrors of death are no terrors to the good: restrain thy hand from evil, and thy soul shall have nothing to fear.

In all thy undertakings let a reasonable assurance animate thy endeavours; if thou despairest of success, thou shalt not succeed.

Terrify not thy soul with vain fears; neither let thy heart sink within thee from the phantoms of imagination.

From Fear proceedeth misfortune; but he that hopeth, helpeth himself.

As

As the ostrich when pursued hideth his head, but forgetteth his body; so the fears of a coward expose him to danger.

If thou believest a thing impossible, thy dependency shall make it so; but he that persevereth, shall overcome all difficulties.

A vain hope flattereth the heart of a fool; but he that is wise, pursueth it not.

In all thy desires let reason go before thee; and fix not thy hopes beyond the bounds of probability: so shall success attend thy undertakings, and thy heart shall not be vexed with disappointments.

SECTION II.

JOY and GRIEF.

LET not thy mirth be so extravagant, as to intoxicate thy mind; nor thy sorrow so heavy, as to depress thy heart: this world afforded no good so transporting, nor inflicteth any evil so severe, as should raise thee far above, or sink thee much beneath, the balance of moderation.

Lo! yonder standeth the house of Joy; it is painted on the outside, and looketh gay; thou mayst know it by the noise of mirth and exultation that issueth from it.

The mistress standeth at the door, and calleth aloud to all that pass by: she singeth, and shouteth, and laugheth without ceasing.

She inviteth them to taste the pleasures of life; which, she telleth them, are no where to be found but beneath her roof.

But enter not thou into her gate; neither associate thyself with those who frequent her house.

They call themselves the sons of Joy, they laugh and seem delighted; but madness and folly are in all their doings.

They

They are link'd with mischief hand in hand, and their steps lead down to evil; dangers beset them round about, and the pit of destruction yawneth beneath their feet.

SECTION II.

Look now on the other side; and behold in that vale overshadow'd with trees, and hid from the sight of men, the habitation of *Sorrow*.

Her bosom heaveth with sighs; her mouth is filled with lamentation; she delighteth to dwell on the subject of human misery.

She looketh on the common accidents of life, and weepeth: the weakness and wickedness of man is the theme of her lips.

All nature to her seemeth with evil; every object she seeth, is ting'd with the gloom of her own mind; and the voice of complaint saddeneth her dwelling day and night.

Come not near her cell; her breath is contagious; she will blast the fruits, and wither the flowers, that adorn, and sweeten, the garden of life.

In avoiding the house of *Joy*, let not thy feet betray thee to the borders of this dismal mansion; but pursue with care the middle path, which shall lead thee by a gentle ascent to the bower of *Contentment*.

With her dwelleth peace; with her dwell safety and tranquillity. She is chearful, but not gay; she is serious, but not grave: she vieweth the joys and the sorrows of life with steadiness and serenity.

From

From hence, as from an eminence, shalt thou behold the folly and the misery of those, who either, led by the gaiety of their hearts, take up their abode with the companions of jollity and riotous mirth; or, infected by gloominess and melancholy, spend all their days in complaining of the woes and calamities of human life.

Thou shalt view them both with pity; and the error of their ways shall keep thy feet from straying.

A
 I thought the tale of man's life as an empty vessel, and the wind would blow it away; but now I see it is a vessel full of sorrow, and the wind will blow it away.

But consider, and forget not thine own weakness; for thou shalt see the folly of others.

Thou shalt not thyself in the passion of anger; it is like a sword to wound thy own breast, or a gun to shoot at thy own feet.

If thou dost fight provocation with patience, it shall be as a sword to wound thy enemy, and it shall be as a gun to shoot at his feet.

Be not provoked, and thou shalt not be provoked; for the man who is provoked, shall be provoked.

SEC.

208 THE OECONOMY

SECTION III.

ANGER.

AS the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees, and deformeth the face of nature, or as an earthquake in its convulsions overturneth cities; so the rage of an angry man throweth mischief around him; danger and destruction wait on his hand.

But consider, and forget not, thine own weakness; so shalt thou pardon the failings of others.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of Anger; it is whetting a sword to wound thy own breast, or murder thy friend.

If thou bearest slight provocations with patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall feel rest, thy mind shall not reproach thee.

Seest thou not, that the angry man loseth his understanding? whilst thou art yet in thy senses, let the madness of another be a lesson to thyself.

Do nothing in thy passion; why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

If

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it: avoid therefore all occasions of falling into wrath; or guard thyself against them, whenever they occur.

A fool is provoked with insolent speeches; but a wise man laugheth them to scorn.

Harbour not revenge in thy breast; it will torment thy heart, and discolour its best inclinations.

Be always more ready to forgive than to return an injury: he that watches for an opportunity of revenge, lieth in wait against himself, and draweth down mischief on his own head.

A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon the fire, abateth his heat; and from an enemy he shall become thy friend.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger; and thou wilt wonder, that any but fools should be wroth.

In folly or weakness it always beginneth; but remember, and be well assured, it seldom concludeth without repentance.

On the heels of Folly treadeth Shame; at the back of Anger standeth Remorse.

SECTION IV.

PART II.

AS blossoms and flowers are strewed upon the earth by the hand of Spring, as the kindness of Summer produceth in perfection the bounties of Harvest, so the smiles of Pity shed blessings on the children of Misfortune.

He who pitieth another, recommendeth himself; but he who is without compassion, deserveth it not.

The butcher repenteth not at the bleating of the lamb; neither is the heart of the cruel moved with distress.

But the tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dew-drops falling from roses on the bosom of the earth.

Shut not thine ear therefore against the cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart against the calamities of the innocent.

When the fatherless call upon thee, when the widow's heart is sunk, and she implores thy assistance with tears of sorrow; O pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to those who have none to help them.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of the street shivering with cold, and destitute of habitation, let bounty

open

open thine heart; let the wings of charity shelter him from death, that thine own soul may live.

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity; O how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes?

BEWARE, YOUNG MAN, BEFORE THE ADVANCEMENT OF YEARS, AND LET NOT THE PASSING OF THOSE YEARS BE WASTED IN VANITY.

The madmen of this world, who are blind to their own ruin, from the blindness of their eyes, shall perish upon the gallows.

Therefore give not up thy heart to the sweet enticing of the world; neither suffer thy soul to be seduced by the enticing delusions of the flesh.

The fountain of health, which will supply the thirst of the soul, shall never be dried up; and every spring of joy shall be expanded.

In the prime of thy life, old age shall overtake thee; thy heart shall decline in the morning of thy days.

But when virtue and modesty enlighten her charms, the lustre of her beauty is brighter than the sun; and the influence of her power is in vain to resist.

and retain it in the wings of charity, which will
from death, that thou wilt may live.

SECTION V.

DESIRE and LOVE.

BEware, young man, beware the allurements of *Wan-
tonness*; and let not the harlot tempt thee to her de-
lights.

The madness of desire shall defeat its own pursuits;
from the blindness of its rage thou shalt rush upon de-
struction.

Therefore give not up thy heart to her sweet entice-
ments; neither suffer thy soul to be enslaved by her en-
chanting delusions.

The fountain of health, which must supply the stream
of pleasure, shall quickly be dried up; and every spring
of joy shall be exhausted.

In the prime of thy life old age shall overtake thee;
thy sun shall decline in the morning of thy days.

But when virtue and modesty enlighten her charms, the
lustre of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of
heaven; and the influence of her power it is in vain
to resist.

The

The whiteness of her bosom transcendeth the lily ; her smile is more delicious than a garden of roses.

The innocence of her eye is like that of the turtle ; simplicity and truth dwell in her heart.

The kisses of her mouth are sweeter than honey ; the perfumes of Arabia breathe from her lips.

Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of *Love* ; the purity of its flame shall ennoble thine heart, and soften it to receive the fairest impressions.

W O M A N.

The whiteness of her bosom transcends the life; her
 smile is more delicious than a golden bowl.

The innocence of her eye is like that of the turtle;
 innocent and true as the heart.

The sweet of her mouth is sweeter than honey; the
 fragrance of her breath breathes from her lips.

She is not only lovely to the senses, but to the
 heart; of her smile that noblest of smiles, and loveliest
 to receive the faintest impressions.

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PART III.

W O M A N.

PART III

W O A N





W O M A N.

GIVE ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of Prudence ; and let the precepts of Truth sink deep in thine heart : so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to thy form ; and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness, when its bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight ; ah ! hear with caution their alluring words ; guard well thy heart, nor listen to their soft seducements.

Remember, thou art made man's reasonable companion, not the slave of his passion ; the end of thy being is to assist him in the toils of life, to sooth him with thy tenderness, and recompense his care with soft endearments.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast ?

Lo ! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek.

Her hand seeketh employment ; her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She

She is clothed with neatness ; she is fed with temperance ; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth music ; the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency is in all her words ; in her answers are mildness and truth.

Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life ; and peace and happiness are her reward.

Before her steps walketh Prudence ; and Virtue attendeth at her right hand.

Her eye speaketh softness and love ; but Discretion with a sceptre sitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence ; the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent.

When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue, if charity and good-nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of goodness ; and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

Happy were the man that should make her his wife ; happy the child that shall call her mother.

She presideth in the house, and there is peace ; she commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed.

She

She ariseth in the morning ; she considers her affairs ; and appointeth to every one their proper business.

The care of her family is her whole delight ; to that alone she applieth her study ; and elegance with frugality is seen in her mansions.

The prudence of her management is an honour to her husband, and he heareth her praise with silent delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom ; she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The word of her mouth is the law of their youth ; the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience.

She speaketh, and her servants fly ; she pointeth, and the thing is done : for the law of love is in their hearts ; her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity she is not puffed up ; in adversity she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments ; he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife ; happy the child that calleth her mother.

OF HUMAN LIFE

The subject in the opening; the household her affairs;
and appointed to every one her proper business;
The care of her family is her whole delight; in that
alone she employs her strength and elegance with sing-
ing is seen in her mansion.

The presence of her management is an honour to her
husband, and he hears her praise with silent delight;
The industry the mind of her children with wisdom;
the fastidious their manners from the example of her own
goodness.

The word of her mouth is the law of their youth; the
motion of her eye commands their obedience;
The speech, and her servants fly; the poise, and
the thing is done; for the law of love is in their hearts;
her kindness adds wings to their feet, to run as they will.

In prosperity she is not puffed up; in adversity she
besides the wounds of fortune with patience;
The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her coun-
sel, and sweetened by her endearments; he pursues his
course in her bosom, and receives comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife; hap-
py the child that calls her mother; and the man that
calls her his father.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART

SECTION I.

PART IV.

CONSANGUINITY:

OR,

NATURAL RELATIONS.

IV. PART
CONSANGUINITY:



OR
NATURAL RELATIONS.



SECTION I.

H U S B A N D.

TAKE unto thyself a wife, and obey the ordinance of God; take unto thyself a wife, and become a faithful member of society.

But examine with care, and fix not suddenly: on thy present choice depends the future happiness of thee and thy posterity.

If much of her time is destroyed in dress and adornments, if she is enamour'd with her own beauty, and delighted with her own praise, if she laugheth much, and talketh loud, if her foot abideth not in her father's house, and her eyes with boldness rove on the faces of men; though her beauty were as the sun in the firmament of heaven, turn thine eyes from her charms, turn thy feet from her paths, and suffer not thy soul to be ensnared by the allurements of thy imagination.

But when thou findest sensibility of heart join'd with softness of manners, an accomplished mind, with a form

form agreeable to thy fancy, take her home to thy house; she is worthy to be thy friend, thy companion in life, the wife of thy bosom.

O cherish her as a blessing sent thee from heaven; let the kindness of thy behaviour endear thee to her heart.

She is the mistress of thy house; treat her therefore with respect, that thy servants may obey her.

Oppose not her inclination without cause; she is the partner of thy cares, make her also the companion of thy pleasures.

Reprove her faults with gentleness; exact not her obedience with rigour.

Trust thy secrets in her breast; her counsels are sincere: thou shalt not be deceived.

Be faithful to her bed; for she is the mother of thy children.

When pain and sickness assault her, let thy tenderness sooth her affliction: a look from thee of pity and love shall alleviate her grief, or mitigate her pain; and be of more avail than ten physicians.

Consider the delicacy of her sex, the tenderness of her frame; and be not severe to her weakness, but remember thine own imperfections.

SECTION II.

FATHER.

CONSIDER, thou who art a parent, the importance of thy trust; the being thou hast produced, it is thy duty to support.

Upon thee also it dependeth, whether the child of thy bosom shall be a blessing or a curse to thyself; a useful or a worthless member of the community.

Prepare him with early instruction, and season his mind with the maxims of truth.

Watch the bent of his inclination; set him right in his youth; and let no evil habit gain strength with his years.

So shall he rise like a cedar on the mountains; his head shall be seen above the trees of the forest.

A wicked son is a reproach to his father; but he that doth right is an honour to his grey hairs.

The soil is thine own, let it not want cultivation; the seed which thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap.

Teach him obedience, and he shall bless thee; teach him modesty, and he shall not be ashamed.

Teach him gratitude, and he shall receive benefits;
teach him charity, and he shall gain love.

Teach him temperance, and he shall have health;
teach him prudence, and fortune shall attend him.

Teach him justice, and he shall be honoured by the
world; teach him sincerity, and his own heart shall not
reproach him.

Teach him diligence, and his wealth shall increase;
teach him benevolence, and his mind shall be exalted.

Teach him science, and his life shall be useful; teach
him religion, and his death shall be happy.

SECTION III.

S O N

FROM the creatures of God let man learn wisdom;
and apply to himself the instruction they give.

Go to the desert, my son; observe the young stork of
the wilderness; let him speak to thy heart: He beareth
on his wings his aged sire; he lodgeth him in safety, and
supplieth him with food.

The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Per-
sia offered to the sun; yea more delicious than odours
wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western
gales.

Be grateful then to thy father; for he gave thee life;
and to thy mother, for she sustained thee.

Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for
thy good; give ear to his admonition; for it proceedeth
from love.

He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for
thy ease; do honour therefore to his age, and let not his
grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

Think on thy helpless infancy, and the frowardness of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents; assist and support them in the decline of life.

So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace; and thine own children, in reverence of thy example, shall repay thy piety with filial love.

FROM the creature of God let man learn wisdom.

Let the deaf, my son, observe the young fool of the wilderness; let him seek to thy heart. He decries on the wings of age; his no longer in a child, and inspired him with good.

The way of a child is sweeter than the wisdom of the old; and the law is the law; yet more delicate than the wisdom of the old; a field of Arabian spices by the wisdom of the old.

The grateful tears of thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother, for she nursed thee.

Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good; give ear to his admonition, for it proceedeth from love.

Life hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy care; his honour therefore to his age; and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

Think

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SEC.

SECTION IV.

BROTHERS.

YE are the children of one father, provided for by his care; and the breast of one mother hath given you suck.

Let the bonds of affection, therefore, unite thee with thy brothers; that peace and happiness may dwell in thy father's house.

And, when ye separate in the world, remember the relation that bindeth you to love and unity: prefer not a stranger before thine own blood.

If thy brother is in adversity, assist him; if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not.

So shall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the support of his whole race; and his care be continued to you all in your love to each other.

in the world, and the only way to be happy is to be good.

SECTION IV.

OF THE DUTY OF A BROTHER.

And the duty of one brother, provided for by the law, and the duty of one brother given by nature.

I to the bonds of nature, therefore, unite thee with thy brother, that peace and happiness may dwell in thy father's house.

And, when ye converse in the world, remember the relation that binds you to love and duty: prefer not a stranger before your own blood.

If thy brother is in adversity, assist him: if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not.

So shall the fortune of thy father contribute to the support of his whole race; and his can be continued to you all in your love towards others.

PART V.

PROVIDENCE:

OR, THE

ACCIDENTAL DIFFERENCES of MEN.

PROVINCIAL
P. A. T. V.



ACCIDENTAL DIFFERENCES OF MEN.



SECTION I.

WISE and IGNORANT.

THE gifts of the understanding are the treasures of God ; and he appointeth to every one his portion, in what measure seemeth good unto himself.

Hath he endow'd thee with wisdom ? hath he enlighten'd thy mind with the knowledge of truth ? communicate it to the ignorant for their instruction ; communicate it to the wise for their own improvement.

True wisdom is less presuming than folly : the wise man doubteth often, and changeth his mind ; the fool is obstinate, and doubteth not ; he knoweth all things, but his own ignorance.

The pride of emptiness is an abomination, and to talk much is the foolishness of folly : nevertheless it is the part of wisdom to bear the impertinence of fools, to hear their absurdities with patience, and pity their weakness.

Yet be not puffed up in thine own conceit, neither boast of superior understanding ; the clearest human knowledge is but blindness and folly.

The wise man feeleth his imperfections, and is humbled ; he laboureth in vain for his own approbation. But
the

feel himself in the shallow stream of his own mind; and is pleased with the pebbles which he seeth at the bottom: he bringeth them up, and sheweth them as pearls; and with the applause of his brethren delighteth he himself.

He boasteth of attainments in things of no worth; but where it is a shame to be ignorant, there he hath no understanding.

Even in the paths of wisdom he toileth after folly; and shame and disappointment are the reward of his labour.

But the wise man cultivateth his mind with knowledge; the improvement of arts is his delight; and their utility to the public crowneth him with honour.

Nevertheless, the attainment of virtue he accounteth as the highest learning; and the science of happiness is the study of his life.

SECTION II.

RICH and POOR.

THE man to whom God hath given riches, and a mind to employ them aright, is peculiarly favoured, and highly distinguished,

He looketh on his wealth with pleasure; because it affordeth him the means to do good.

He protecteth the poor, that are injured; he suffereth not the mighty to oppress the weak.

He seeketh out objects of compassion; he inquireth into their wants; he relieveth them with judgment, and without ostentation.

He assisteth and rewardeth merit; he encourageth ingenuity, and liberally promoteth every useful design.

He carrieth on great works; his country is enriched; and the labourer is employed; he formeth new schemes, and the arts receive improvement.

He considereth the superfluities of his table as belonging to the poor, and he defraudeth them not.

The benevolence of his mind is not check'd by his fortune. He rejoiceth therefore in riches, and his joy is blameless.

But

But woe unto him that heapeth up wealth in abundance, and rejoiceth alone in the possession thereof.

That grindeth the face of the poor, and considereth not the sweat of their brows.

He thriveth on oppression without feeling; the ruin of his brother disturbeth him not.

The tears of the orphan he drinketh as milk; the cries of the widow are music to his ear.

His heart is harden'd with the love of wealth; no grief or distress can make impression upon it,

But the curse of iniquity pursueth him; he liveth in continual fear. The anxiety of his mind, and the rapacious desires of his own soul, take vengeance upon him, for the calamities he hath brought upon others.

O! what are the miseries of poverty, in comparison with the gnawings of this man's heart!

Let the poor man comfort himself, yea, rejoice; for he hath many reasons,

He sitteth down to his morsel in peace; his table is not crowded with flatterers and devourers.

He is not embarrassed with dependents, nor teased with the clamours of solicitation.

Debarr'd from the dainties of the rich, he escapeth also their diseases.

The

The bread that he eateth, is it not sweet to his taste ?
the water he drinketh, is it not pleasant to his thirst ?
yea far more delicious than the richest draughts of the
luxurious.

His labour preserveth his health, and produceth him a
repose, to which the downy bed of sloth is a stranger.

He limiteth his desires with humility ; and the calm
of contentment is sweeter to his soul than the acquire-
ments of wealth and grandeur.

Let not the rich therefore presume on his riches, nor
the poor despond in his poverty : for the providence of
God dispenseth happiness to them both ; and the distri-
bution thereof is more-equally made, than the fool can
believe.

SECTION III.

MASTERS and SERVANTS.

REPINE not, O man, that thou serve another : it is the appointment of God, and hath many advantages ; it removeth thee from the cares and solitudes of life.

The honour of a servant is his fidelity ; his highest virtues are submission and obedience.

Be patient therefore under the reproofs of thy master ; and, when he rebuketh thee, answer not again : the silence of thy resignation shall not be forgotten.

Be studious of his interests ; be diligent in his affairs ; and faithful to the trust which he reposeth in thee.

Thy time and thy labour belong unto him ; defraud him not thereof, for he payeth thee for them.

And thou who art a master, be just to thy servant, if thou expectest fidelity ; be reasonable in thy commands, if thou expectest obedience.

The spirit of a man is in him ; severity and rigour, which create fear, cannot command his love.

Mix

Mix kindness with reproof, and reason with authority;
so shall thy admonitions take place in his heart, and his
duty shall become his pleasure.

He shall serve thee faithfully from gratitude; he shall
obey thee cheerfully from love; and fail not thou in re-
turn to give his diligence and fidelity their just reward.

SECTION IV.

MAGISTRATES *and* SUBJECTS.

O Thou, the favourite of heaven, whom the sons of men, thy equals, have raised to sovereign power, and set as a ruler over themselves; consider the ends and importance of their trust, far more than the dignity and height of thy station.

Thou art clothed in purple; thou art seated on a throne; the crown of majesty investeth thy temples; the sceptre of power is placed in thy hand: but not for thyself were these ensigns given; not meant for thy own, but the good of thy kingdom.

The glory of a king is the welfare of his people; his power and dominion resteth on the hearts of his subjects.

The mind of a great prince is exalted with the grandeur of his situation; he revolveth high things, and searcheth for business worthy of his power.

He calleth together the wise men of his kingdom; he consulteth amongst them with freedom, and heareth the opinion of them all.

He looketh among his people with discernment; he discovereth the abilities of men, and employeth them according to their merits.

His magistrates are just; his ministers are wise; and the favourite of his bosom deceiveth him not.

He smileth on the arts, and they flourish; the sciences improve beneath the culture of his hand.

With the learned and ingenious he delighteth himself; he kindleth in their breasts emulation; and the glory of his kingdom is exalted by their labours.

The spirit of the merchant, who extendeth his commerce, the skill of the farmer, who enricheth his lands, the ingenuity of the artist, the improvements of the scholar, all these he honoureth with his favour, or rewardeth with his bounty.

He planteth new colonies; he buildeth strong ships; he openeth rivers for convenience; he formeth harbours for safety; his people abound in riches; and the strength of his kingdom increaseth.

He frameth his statutes with equity and wisdom; his subjects enjoy the fruits of their labour in security, and their happiness consists in their observance of the law.

He foundeth his judgments on the principles of mercy; but in the punishment of offenders he is strict and impartial.

His ears are open to the complaints of his subjects; he restraineth the hand of oppressors; and delivereth them from their tyranny.

His people therefore look up to him as a father, with reverence and love; they consider him as the guardian of all they enjoy.

Their affection unto him begetteth in his breast a love of the public; the security of their happiness is the object of his care.

No murmurs against him arise in their hearts; the machinations of his enemies endanger not his state.

His subjects are faithful and firm in his cause; they stand in his defence as a wall of brass. The army of his enemy fleeth before them as chaff before the wind.

Security and peace bless the dwellings of his people; and glory and strength encircle his throne forever.

SECTION I.

PART VI.

THE SOCIAL DUTIES.

It is the duty therefore to be strictly at work, as it is the interest that man should be strictly at work.

As the role of the state is to be strictly at work, so the role of the individual is to be strictly at work.

The interest of the state and the interest of the individual are the same, and the interest of the state is the interest of the individual.

THE HISTORY OF THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

AND THE

ANTIQUITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN

PART VI.

OF THE

SOCIAL



ANTIQUITIES

He openeth not his ear unto slander; the foolish and
the tongue of man give pain to his heart.



SECTION I.

BENEVOLENCE.

WHEN thou considerest thy wants, when thou be-
holdest thy imperfections, acknowledge his good-
ness, O man! who honour'd thee with reason, endowed
thee with speech, and placed thee in society to receive
and confer reciprocal helps and mutual obligations.

Thy food, thy cloathing, thy convenience of habita-
tion, thy protection from the injuries, thy enjoyment of
the comforts and the pleasures of life, thou owest to the
assistance of others; and couldst not enjoy but in the
bands of society.

It is thy duty therefore to be friendly to mankind, as it
is thy interest that men should be friendly to thee.

As the rose breatheth sweetness from its own nature,
so the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works.

He enjoyeth the ease and tranquillity of his own
breast; and rejoiceth in the happiness and prosperity of
his neighbour.

He openeth not his ear unto slander; the faults and the failings of men give pain to his heart.

His desire is to do good, and he searcheth out the occasions thereof: in removing the oppression of another he relieveth himself.

From the largeness of his mind he comprehendeth in his wishes the happiness of all men; and from the generosity of his heart he endeavoureth to promote it.

WHEN thou considerest thy wants, when thou dost behold thy infirmities, acknowledge thy good help. O man! who knowest of thee with nature, assist thee with speech, and placed thee in society to receive and confer reciprocal help, and mutual obligation.

Thy food, thy clothing, thy convenience of habitation, thy protection from the injuries, thy enjoyment of the comforts and the pleasures of life, thou owest to the assistance of others, and couldst not enjoy but in the hands of society.

It is thy duty therefore to be friendly to mankind, as it is thy interest that men should be friendly to thee.

As the role breatheth sweetness from its own nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works.

He enjoys the ease and tranquillity of his own breast, and rejoiceth in the happiness and prosperity of his neighbour.

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SECTION II.

J U S T I C E.

THE peace of society dependeth on justice; the happiness of individuals on the certain enjoyment of all their possessions.

Keep the desires of thy heart, therefore, within the bounds of moderation; let the hand of justice lead them aright.

Cast not an evil eye on the goods of thy neighbour; let whatever is his property, be sacred from thy touch.

Let not temptation allure, nor any provocation excite thee to lift up thy hand to the hazard of his life.

Defame him not in his character; bear no false witness against him.

Corrupt not his servant to cheat or forsake him; and the wife of his bosom, O tempt not to sin.

'Twill be a grief to his heart, which thou canst not relieve; an injury to his life, which no reparation can atone.

In thy dealings with men be impartial and just; and do unto them, as thou wouldst they should do unto thee.

Be faithful to thy trust; and deceive not the man who relieth upon thee: be assured, 'tis less in the sight of God to steal, than to betray.

Oppress not the poor, and defraud not of his hire the labouring man.

When thou sellest for gain, hear the whisperings of Conscience, and be satisfied with moderation: nor from the ignorance of the buyer, make advantage to thyself.

Pay the debts which thou owest; for he who gave thee credit, relied upon thy honour; and to withhold from him his due, is both mean and unjust.

Finally, O son of society, examine thy heart; call remembrance to thy aid: and, if in any of these things thou findest thou hast transgressed, take sorrow and shame to thyself; and make speedy reparation to the utmost of thy power.

SECTION III.

CHARITY.

HAPPY is the man who hath sown in his breast the seeds of benevolence ; the produce thereof shall be charity and love.

From the fountain of his heart shall rise rivers of goodness ; and the streams shall overflow for the benefit of mankind.

He assisteth the poor in their troubles ; he rejoiceth in furthering the prosperity of all men.

He censureth not his neighbour ; he believeth not the tales of envy and malevolence ; neither repeateth he their slanders.

He forgiveth the injuries of men ; he wipeth them from his remembrance ; revenge and malice have no place in his heart.

For evil he returneth not evil ; he hateth not even his enemies ; but requiteth their injustice with friendly admonition.

The griefs and anxieties of men excite his compassion ; he endeavoureth to alleviate the weight of their mis-

misfortunes; and the pleasure of success rewardeth his labour.

He calmeth the fury, he healeth the quarrels of angry men; and preventeth the mischiefs of strife and animosity.

He promoteth in his neighbourhood peace and goodwill; and his name is repeated with praise and benedictions.

SECTION IV.

GRATITUDE.

AS the branches of a tree return their sap to the root, from whence it arose ; as a river poureth his streams to the sea, whence his spring was supply'd ; so the heart of a grateful man delighteth in returning a benefit received.

He acknowledgeth his obligation with chearfulness ; he looketh on his benefactor with love and esteem.

And, if to return it be not in his power, he nourisheth the memory of it in his breast with kindness ; he forgetteth it not all the days of his life.

The hand of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth fruits, herbage, and flowers : the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swalloweth with greediness the showers that fall, but burieth them in its bosom, and produceth nothing.

Envy not thy benefactor ; neither strive to conceal the benefit he hath conferr'd : for, though to oblige is better than to be obliged, though the act of generosity commandeth admiration ; yet the humility of gratitude toucheth

toucheth the heart, and is amiable in the sight both of God and man.

But receive not a favour from the hand of the proud; to the selfish and avaricious have no obligation: the vanity of Pride shall expose thee to shame; the greediness of Avarice shall never be satisfy'd.

AND the branches of a tree remain long to the root, from whence it grew: as a tree cannot live without the soil, whence its nourishment is derived: so the heart of a grateful man delights in returning a benefit received.

He acknowledgeth his obligation with cheerfulness, and looketh on his benefactor with love and esteem.

And, if to return it be not in his power, he keeps it in his memory: it is in his breast, which kindeth the fire of his life.

The hand of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth fruits, flowers, and herbs: the heart of the magnanimous is like a field of flowers, which flourisheth with gratitude: the generous man, who putteth them in its bosom, and cherisheth them.

Envy not thy benefactor; neither strive to outdo him: the benefit is his constant's; for, though he doth better than to be obliged, though he doth not of necessity commandest admiration; yet the humility of gratitude toucheth

SECTION V.

SINCERITY.

O Thou that art enamour'd with the beauties of Truth,
and hast fixed thy heart on the simplicity of her
charms, hold fast thy fidelity unto her, and forsake her
not: the constancy of thy virtue shall crown thee with
honour.

The tongue of the sincere is rooted in his heart: hy-
pocrisy and deceit have no place in his words.

He blusheth at falshood, and is confounded; but in
speaking the truth he hath a steady eye.

He supporteth as a man the dignity of his character;
to the hearts of hypocrits he scorneth to stoop.

He is consistent with himself; he is never embarrass'd;
he hath courage in truth, but to lie he is afraid.

He is far above the meanness of dissimulation; the
words of his mouth are the thoughts of his heart.

Yet with prudence and caution he openeth his lips: he
studieth what is right, and speaketh with discretion.

He

He adviseth in friendship; he reproveth with freedom; and whatsoever he promiseth, shall surely be performed.

But the heart of the hypocrite is hid in his breast. He masketh his words in the semblance of truth, while the business of his life is only to deceive.

He laugheth in sorrow; he weepeth in joy; and the words of his mouth have no interpretation.

He worketh in the dark as a mole, and fancieth he is safe: but he blundereth into light, and is exposed to full view with his dirt on his head.

He passeth his days in perpetual constraint; his tongue and his heart are for ever at variance.

He laboureth for the character of a righteous man, and huggeth himself in the thoughts of his cunning.

O fool, fool! the pains which thou takest to hide what thou art, are more than would make thee what thou wouldst seem: the children of wisdom shall mock at thy cunning; and when thy disguise is stripped off, the finger of derision shall point thee to scorn.

RELIGION.
PART VII.

RELIGION.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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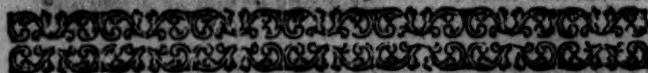
THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM



R E L I G I O N.

THERE is but one God, the author, the creator, the governor of the world, almighty, eternal, and incomprehensible.

The sun is not God, though his noblest image. He enlighthens the world with his brightness; his warmth giveth life to the products of the earth: admire him as the creature, the instrument of God; but worship him not.

To the One, who is supreme, most wise, and beneficent, and to him alone, belong worship, adoration, thanksgiving, and praise,

Who hath stretched forth the heavens with his hand ;
who hath described with his finger the courses of the
stars.

Who setteth bounds to the ocean, which it cannot pass; and saith unto the stormy winds, Be still.

Who shaketh the earth, and the nations tremble;
who darteth his lightnings, and the wicked are dif-
may'd.

Who called forth worlds by the word of his mouth;
who smiteth with his arm, and they sink into nothing.

"O reverence the majesty of the Omnipotent; and
tempt not his anger, lest thou be destroyed."

The providence of God is over all his works; he ruleth
and directeth with infinite wisdom.

He hath instituted laws for the government of the
world; he hath wonderfully varied them in all beings;
and each, by his nature, conformeth to his will.

In the depth of his mind he revolveth all knowledge;
the secrets of futurity lie open before him.

The thoughts of thy heart are naked to his view; he
knoweth thy determinations before they are made.

With respect to his prescience there is nothing con-
tingent; with respect to his providence there is nothing
accidental.

Wonderful he is in all his ways; his counsels are in-
ferutable; the manner of his knowledge transcendeth thy
conception.

"Pay, therefore, to his wisdom all honour and ve-
neration; and bow down thyself in humble and sub-
missive obedience to his supreme direction."

The

OF HUMAN LIFE. 259

The lord is gracious and beneficent; he hath created the world in mercy and love.

His goodness is conspicuous in all his works; he is the fountain of excellence, the centre of perfection.

The creatures of his hand declare his goodness, and all their enjoyments speak his praise; he clotheth them with beauty, he supporteth them with food; he preserveth them with pleasure from generation to generation.

If we lift up our eyes to the heavens, his glory shineth forth; if we cast them down upon the earth, it is full of his goodness; the hills and the vallies rejoice and sing; fields, rivers, and woods resound his praise.

But thee, O man, he hath distinguish'd with peculiar favour, and exalted thy station above all creatures.

He hath endow'd thee with reason to maintain thy dominion; he hath fitted thee with language, to improve by society; and exalted thy mind with the powers of meditation, to contemplate and adore his inimitable perfections.

And in the laws he hath ordained as the rule of thy life, so kindly hath he forked thy duty to thy nature; that obedience to his precepts is happiness to thyself.

242 THE OECONOMY

" O, praise his goodness with songs of thanksgiving;
" and meditate in silence on the wonders of his love:
" let thy heart overflow with gratitude and acknow-
" ledgment; let the language of thy lips speak praise
" and adoration; let the actions of thy life show thy love
" to his law."

" The Lord is just and righteous; and will judge the
" earth with equity and truth."

Hath he established his laws in goodness and mercy,
and shall he not punish the transgressors thereof?

" O think not, bold man! because the punishment is
" delay'd, that the arm of the Lord is weaken'd; neither
" flatter thyself with hopes, that he winketh at thy doings."

His eye pierceth the secrets of every heart, and he re-
membereth them for ever: he respecteth not the persons,
nor the stations of men.

The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise
and the ignorant, when the soul hath shaken off the cum-
brous shackles of this mortal life, shall equally receive
from the sentence of God a just and everlasting retribu-
tion according to their works.

Then shall the wicked tremble and be afraid; but
the heart of the righteous shall rejoice in his judg-
ments.

" O fear

“ O fear the Lord, therefore, all the days of thy
“ life ; and walk in the paths which he hath opened
“ before thee. Let Prudence admonish thee ; let Tem-
“ perance restrain ; let Justice guide thy hand, Be-
“ nevolence warm thy heart, and Gratitude to hea-
“ ven inspire thee with devotion. These shall give
“ thee happiness in thy present state, and bring thee to
“ the mansions of eternal felicity in the paradise of
“ God.”

This is the true OECONOMY of HUMAN LIFE.

F I N I S.

“O fear the Lord, ministers, all the days of thy
 “life, and walk in the paths which he hath opened
 “before thee. Let Prudence admonish thee, let Tem-
 “perance restrain; let Justice guide thy hand, let
 “mercifulness warm thy heart, and Gratitude to thy
 “God inspire thee with devotion. These shall give
 “thee happiness in thy present state, and bring thee to
 “the mansion of bliss in the paradise of
 “God.”

20 JUL 66

This is the Economy of Human Life.

21 JUL 66

